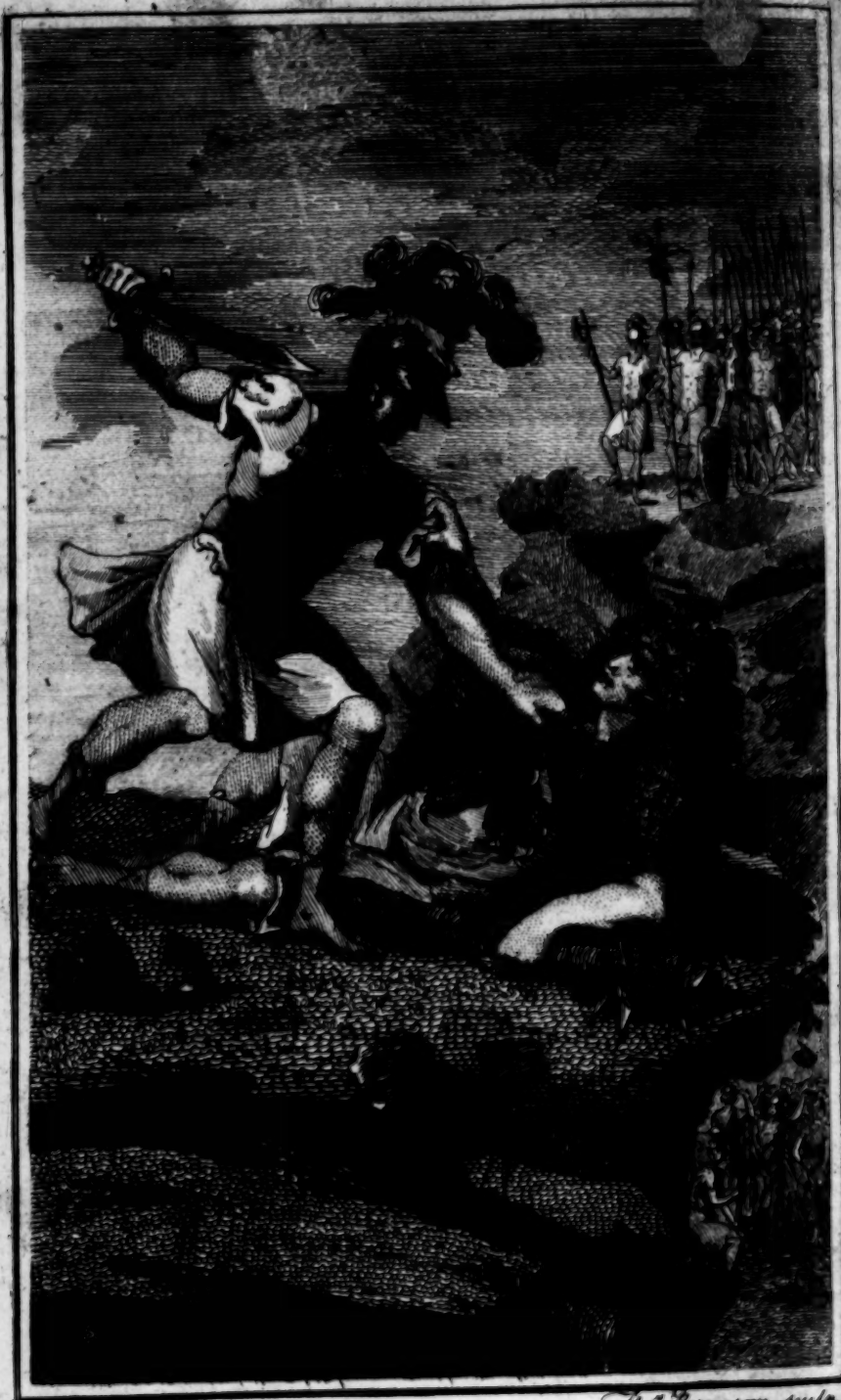


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The. Branson sculp.

*The combat between NUMA and LEO.
In the Mountains of the RHEATES.*



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THE
HISTORY
OF
NUMA POMPILIUS,

SECOND KING OF ROME,

TRANSLATED

FROM THE FRENCH OF MON. DE FLORIAN,

By Miss ELIZABETH MORGAN,

AND DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO

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NUMA POMPILIUS.

BOOK V.

Herfilia and Numa drive back the Marfes.

—Leo's retreat.—Romulus fortifies his

camp.—Leo's new achievements.—The

conjunction of the Marfes and Samnites.—

Numa goes to make himfelf mafter of the

Trebanian Mountains : he unexpectedly

meets the people whom he had delivered from

captivity.—The defeat of the Marfes.—

Leo and Numa engage in fingle combat.—

The magnanimity of Numa.—Numa learns

that Tullus is dying : he quits all to fly to him.

WHEN the ponderous fragment of a
rock, separating itfelf from the fum-

mit of a mountain, rolls with violent impetuosity down its craggy sides, sweeping before it all it meets on the way; the nymphs and shepherds shrieking, by flight endeavour to avoid the danger; the flocks dismayed, run headlong into the valley; the husbandman trembling, remains immovable, his fear riveting him to the spot: but the rock, in its quick descent, encounters two ancient oaks, whose wide extended limbs, and firm fixed roots, were interwove like well cemented friendship; there it stops; the two trees uphold the rock; which preserves the shepherds and the flock: Just so was Leo stopped, when he met Herfilia and Numa.

THE high spirited amazon, armed with the celestial buckler, was the most forward
in

in the attack. 'Barbarian!' cried she,
'it is Jupiter who has delivered thee up
'to me; thy fatal hour is at hand: go,
'boast in hell of having wounded Romu-
'lus the Great.' Thus saying, she flung
with all her strength, a knotted dart, which
her passion prevented her steering. The
iron flew; it passed the side of Leo, and
pierced the courageous Telon, who had
that moment dispossessed Aruncus. Leo,
without stirring, snatched the dart out of
Telon's body, and looking at Herfilia with
a bitter smile, said, 'I return thee thy
'arms, but learn to make a better use of
'them;' then flung the dart at Herfilia.
Numa, the affectionate Numa, threw him-
self before the iron, forgetting the celestial
buckler would defend the princess, and
thinking his body the most secure shield.

The

4 NUMA POMPILIUS. [Book V.

The dart fell on his breast; the point pierced through the gold and tin of his cuirass, and tore the generous lover's bosom : a slight purple tinge diffused itself over his arms. Numa beheld the blood trickle, yet thought only of Herfilia : the more terrible the blow appeared, the more he returned thanks to heaven for having preserved his adored. His sensations giving way to vengeance, he darted towards Leo : a multitude of warriors separated them. Long time they searched each other, but could not meet.

NUMA, at length, fell on the Marfes, and cut them down, just as the reaper does his corn. Always close to Herfilia, he strikes with one hand, and with the other keeps off the blows that are aimed at the amazon.

Thus

Thus resigned to her fury, she sacrificed Ocres, Opiter, Soractor, and the young Almeron ; Almeron, the summit of his mother's hopes, the only child of the unhappy Almeria. The tender mother foresaw it.

WHEN the Marpes assembled to fight the Romans, Almeron, who was only fourteen years of age, fled from his mother's house to join the army. The moment after his departure, his afflicted mother arrived, and sought her son, enquiring of each she met, if they had not seen him. The young Almeron perceived her, and endeavoured to hide himself behind the ranks. Where does not the eye of a mother enter ? Almeria discovered him, flew to him, clasped him in her arms, sprinkled him with her

tears. Whilst Almeron, turning pale,
 fixed his eyes on the ground, not having
 resolution to look at her, whose reproaches
 he feared. Sobbing, she said, ' My son,
 ' my dear son, my sole enjoyment, wilt
 ' thou flee from thy mother ? Wilt thou
 ' quit me ? Oh ! what canst thou do in
 ' battle ? Thy weak arm cannot support
 ' a dart. The arrow which thou flingest
 ' will scarcely wound a fawn ; and thou
 ' hast an inclination to compare thyself
 ' with the most renowned warriors of
 ' Rome ! Oh ! my child, my dear child,
 ' stay till thou needest not a mother's care.
 ' Be patient till I quit the world, till thou
 ' canst live without me. Thou weepest,
 ' thou embracest me, and yet thou promigest
 ' not to renounce thy cruel designs ! And
 ' you, Marfes, who have had a mother, to
 ' suffer

‘suffer it!——Ah well! give me arms, and
 ‘I will follow my son; I will share his
 ‘dangers, will cover him with my body,
 ‘and thou shalt judge what courage ma-
 ternal love can inspire.’

SINCE that day, Almeria has never quit-
 ted her cherished son. Leo, who esteemed
 them both, prohibited them to remove from
 him; and when the young Almeron let fly
 his arrow, he placed him for safety between
 his mother and the general. That night,
 that fatal night, they were disengaged from
 Leo. Hersilia met them: in spite of their
 shrieks, in spite of Almeria’s efforts, she
 thrust her sword into the weak infant’s breast,
 Almeron fell like a tender flower nipt in the
 bud. Before his eyes closed, he sought his
 mother. His mother perceived him, and
 died without receiving a blow.

NUMA POMPILIUS. [Book V.]

NUMA, less cruel, though equally formidable, only sacrificed those who opposed him. Hisbon, Marsenna, Privernus, all received his fatal blow, and expired. The brave Liger waited the arrival of the hero, and approaching near to him, hurled his quoit. Fortunately Numa stooped down his head, and the sharp iron struck the sphinx which shone so bright on his helmet, driving the plumes of purple feathers afar off. Numa hastened to Liger, and broke his dart in his breast; then seizing Pompilius's sword, he cleaved the head of Orimanthus, cut off Tarchon's right hand; Quercens he caused to fall at his feet, pushing the Marses who were on their flight. He at last attained the camp, where Leo was alone.

FOR-

FORSAKEN by his own people, he looked not to see if Numa was attended : he had found his club, and wanted no other arms. But the Sabines encircled him ; the savage Ufens advanced, saying, with an audible voice, ‘ This is not the assembly of Marfes, where the bending of a tree is sufficient to be elected general : you must die ; you cannot escape.’ Leo looked at him, and smiled : with a slight step he avoided Ufens’ javelin. Darting instantly towards him, he seized hold of his body, locked him in his arms, stifled him, threw him on the ground, placed a stone on his panting carcass, and proudly lifting up his head, calmly viewed the darts and lances which surrounded him. Inaccessible to fear, he walked boldly about, without making choice of any place to rush from. At length,

length, determining to retreat, he fell on those who impeded his passage, dispersed or crushed them with his club, then with regret, marched slowly off; like a wolf, still hungry, retiring from a flock of sheep. Thrice he stopped, and turned; thrice made the battalions, who were following him, fall back. Soon he joined his warriors: his dreadful voice stopped them. He rallied them, placed them in order; the space between them and the Romans, he alone occupied: thus he marched between the two armies, covering one, and repelling the other.

NUMA, exasperated at the feats which he admired, was determined to attack Leo, when a violent noise at the edge of the river, drew off his attention. It was the
aged

aged Sophanor, at the head of his army, coming to assist his co-partner in his retreat. The Marfes feigned that they wished to pass the Fucir. Numa was obliged to quit Leo, in order to protect the river. This formidable warrior, with all that belonged to him, quitted the camp he had strewed with carcasses, without any hazard.

THE discreet Sophanor, well versed in the science of war, detained his army on the borders of the river, till the dawn of Aurora. Numa, and the Sabines, though greatly fatigued with their night's employment, quitted not the other side of the river. Sophanor, at the break of day, confident Leo had full time to execute his designs, withdrew his troops, and Numa returned with his to their tents.

FROM

FROM that moment he divided his time between the wounded. Marfes, or Romans, were equal to Numa, if his attentions could preserve or ease them. He eagerly searched every place where they fought, to find if any breathed, with the same fervency that he fought who resisted the best in battle. He thought no longer of glory; humanity was his sole occupation, and to his conquered enemies he behaved like a brother. After having fulfilled his sacred duties, and assured himself that the Sabines could deliver themselves up to rest, Numa stopped not to dress his wounds, but quickly flew to Romulus's tent: the wish of seeing Herfilia was more prevalent on his mind. He arrived at the royal pavilion, where he found the king laying on a leopard's skin, covered with blood, surrounded

ed by his daughter and the chiefs of his army. Less concerned at his own misfortunes than the situation of his troops, he held a melancholy silence, which he broke the moment he perceived Numa. 'I waited thy arrival, young man,' said he; 'I am already acquainted with thy achievements; thou alone hast saved my people: approach, brave youth; embrace me; thy glory will mitigate my anguish.' Numa fell on his knees, and kissed the king's hand. 'Rise,' said Romulus, 'and think of carrying my designs into execution.'

'THE savages have surprised us: the situation I am in obliges me to defer revenging myself. In a few days I shall recover my strength; in the mean while,

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' thou must shelter my camp from every
 ' outrage. Begone, Numa; take with
 ' thee ten cohorts, and lead them to the
 ' forest; there cut fifty thousand stakes six
 ' feet long, let them be sharp-pointed at
 ' the end: during this time, Metius and
 ' thyself must have a wide deep ditch dug
 ' about my camp, which will entirely sur-
 ' round it; thou wilt make an entrance at
 ' the middle of each side, and employ a
 ' body of Latins to work at it, as they
 ' were the least sufferers in the night at-
 ' tack. Begone; let all be compleated by
 ' the close of day, then return to me for
 ' further instructions.'

THUS spoke Romulus. Metius and
 Numa instantly obeyed him. The wise
 king had the stakes sunk in the ditch, at a
 small

small distance from each other ; he bound them fast together, to prevent their being forced out, then covering them with the earth, and levelling their sharp points, he was encircled by an armed forest. Metius and Numa finished this work in three days : at the four gates they fixed eight redoubts full of soldiers. The Romans were as composed in their camp, as in the center of their city, contemplating and admiring how much the preservation and destruction of thousands depended on the ingenious abilities of one man.

SOPHANOR, equally tranquil on the other side of the river, had observed all Romulus's proceedings without interrupting him. The king of Rome, disquieted at his inaction, could not comprehend the motives which kept the Marses quiet. 'What is that terrible 'Leo about,' says he : 'Ah ! without doubt

‘ he ought to be satisfied at having wound-
 ‘ ed Romulus. Romulus is not subdued :
 ‘ the war is scarcely began. Why does not
 ‘ that courageous warrior, so peculiar in
 ‘ nocturnal achievements, attempt a second
 ‘ time to burn my camp ? Oh Jupiter !
 ‘ Oh Mars, my father ! a few more painful
 ‘ days, and this arm will recover its strength ;
 ‘ it will not then seek refuge in others.’

THUS spoke Romulus, when he per-
 ceived a Campanian soldier, covered with
 blood and dust : he, panting for breath,
 was just arrived from Auxence, where the
 king of Campania had been immured.
 ‘ What news dost thou bring ?’ exclaimed
 the king of Rome : ‘ Have the Samnites
 ‘ passed the Appennines ? Is my confederate
 ‘ besieged in his city ?’ ‘ Thy confederate
 ‘ is

‘ is in the possession of his enemies,’ replied the foldier: ‘ Leo, the formidable Leo, appeared before the walls of Auxence, at the moment we imagined he was waging war with thee. He has taken the city and the king, has seized all his treasures, forces, and magazines; and not sufficiently satisfied with his success, he flew to intercept the army, which impeded the descent of the Samnites from the Appennines. He has entirely dispersed that army, and opened the passage for our dreadful enemies.’

At this account, Romulus inclined his head on his bosom, making no reply; he remained motionless, till the shrill voice of the trumpet, resounding from the other side of the river, brought him to his recollection.

lection. It was the invincible Leo, conducting his prisoner, the king of Capua, to Sophanor's camp. With him were four thousand captives, immense plunders, and the stately army of the Samnites. A thousand boasting tongues were heard as they advanced on the plain : the king of Campania, sparkling with gold, was mounted on a warlike steed ; at his side walked Leo, cloathed in his lion's skin ; the brave Marfes surrounded him, and twenty thousand Samnites, clad in splendid steel, brought up the rear of the triumphal march.

THEY encamped themselves near to Sophanor. The two armies were re-united. As soon as night suspended her dark veil, numberless fires blazing on the borders of the river, alarmed the Romans, who every moment dreaded an attack.

THE

THE brave Romans, who used to leap for joy at the sight of an enemy, now behold with sullen silence the hideous prospect of a camp. With what tremor the soldiers look on each other; the chiefs dare not communicate their apprehensions; every eye is turned towards Romulus. The guards are doubled; they prepare for battle; yet in spite of their retrenchments, in spite of the bravery and number of their troops, inquietude is painted in their countenances.

ROMULUS himself was embarrassed, though he assumed an air of tranquillity: Leaning on a long spear, he walked slowly along, by reason of his wounds: he visited the quarters, encouraging his soldiers; and though uneasiness wrung his soul, yet he
loudly

loudly returned thanks to the gods, for having delivered up to him his enemies all together.

Nevertheless a council is secretly assembled. Metius, Valerius, Catillus the Wise, the prudent Brutus, and several other experienced captains, took their places, near the monarch. The beautiful Herfilia's high birth, and Numa's achievements, called them thither. Lictors were placed at the doors of the royal pavilion, to keep out the indiscreet. Romulus threw off the gaiety he feigned to his soldiers; with his eyes full of uneasiness, he looked at his chiefs. 'Companions,' said he, 'your advice hath ever been useful to me; at this period it is absolutely necessary. Our enemies, conquerors of my dastardly allies, are

‘ are thrice as many in number as we our-
 ‘ selves: I could certainly oppose them under
 ‘ cover of my lines, but if they pass the river,
 ‘ and besiege us, in less than eight days we
 ‘ shall want nourishment, and perish with-
 ‘ out having fought. My valiant friends,
 ‘ what shall we do? Shall we attack the
 ‘ two armies that are united, and shun by
 ‘ death a disgraceful capitulation, or must
 ‘ we endeavour to retreat, which will also be
 ‘ attended with danger?’

ROMULUS having spoken, Metius arose,
 and proposed sending to Rome, to desire
 the assistance of Tatius, and wait behind the
 entrenchments till their colleague should
 arrive to disengage them. Brutus, on the
 contrary, wished to quit the camp, offer
 battle to their enemies, and leave the rest.

to fate. Herfilia disapproved the design :
 ‘ Whilst my father cannot fight, beware of
 ‘ the hope of conquering,’ says the prin-
 cess : ‘ Victory depends on the arm of Ro-
 ‘ mulus ; that arm is not now in a state to
 ‘ give it : let us follow the advice of Me-
 ‘ tius ; remain in our camp, and send to
 ‘ Rome for reinforcements : but to alarm
 ‘ the enemy, and prevent their incroach-
 ‘ ments, Numa and I will depart in the
 ‘ middle of the night, we will dive into the
 ‘ Samnites camp, and while they, inebri-
 ‘ ated with their success, and fatigued with
 ‘ their march, are indulging their rest, we
 ‘ will fill their tents with carnage.’

NUMA listened with rapture : his ena-
 moured eye closely followed each move-
 ment of Herfilia ; his heart fluttered at
 being

being the object of her choice, and that night, destined for them to fight together, appeared to him the most desirable epoch of his life. But Romulus, by opposing the design, soon caused his hopes to vanish. All the rest proposed schemes that were impracticable, or more dangerous than the disaster they dreaded. The council was prolonged, but till now had only exposed their inconveniencies, without substituting a remedy. On a sudden the young Numa felt himself inspired by Minerva, and requested permission to speak. Romulus acquiesced, admiring him with complacency. ‘Most eminent king,’ exclaimed the hero, ‘a method strikes me, which, though it may not save the army, will insure thee the victory. The Trebanian mountains are behind us : in those almost inaccessible

' ble mountains, are narrow passes, where
 ' a hundred thousand men may easily be
 ' defeated by a very small force advan-
 ' tageously posted. Let me depart this
 ' night, with half the Sabines, and to-mor-
 ' row, before the close of day, I will be
 ' master of the strongest places. Thou,
 ' great king, for the first time, will fly be-
 ' fore the enemy; but let not that alarm
 ' thee; it will secure the victory. The
 ' Marfes, and Samnites will pursue thee;
 ' in the streights of the Trebanians thou
 ' mayest safely wait their arrival, and attack
 ' them in thy turn: my Sabines and I will
 ' discomfit them with our arrows, our
 ' spears, and the rocks which we shall roll
 ' on them.'

THUS spoke Numa. Romulus embra-
 ced him; ' valiant young man,' cried he,
 ' I owe

‘ I owe thee more than my life ; thou wilt
 ‘ preserve my glory. Go, put thy scheme
 ‘ into execution : take with thee all the
 ‘ Sabines, excepting the cavalry, who will
 ‘ be useless to thee, but of essential service
 ‘ to cover my retreat. If thy designs suc-
 ‘ ceed, there is thy recompence,’ pointing
 to Herfilia.

NUMA remained motionless ; surprize
 and joy so agitated him, he could not speak ;
 his eyes rambling alternately on Romulus
 and Herfilia ; at last, throwing himself on
 his knees before the king of Rome, he ex-
 claimed, ‘ Oh son of a god ! thou hast ren-
 ‘ dered me invincible ! Let the Marfes,
 ‘ Samnites, and all the Italians unite against
 ‘ me ; I am prepossessed with the hope of
 ‘ subduing them the name of Herfilia
 ‘ renders

‘ renders me almost equal to thyself ; the
 ‘ honour of being related to thee, raises me
 ‘ to the equality of a semi-god.’

WHEN he pronounced these words, love and courage illuminated his eyes : he turned towards his charmer, and in her countenance read the confirmation of Romulus’s promise. Impatient to be on his march, he flew to order the Sabines to arms.

THE legions of Latins, in obedience to Romulus, quitted their tents, and arranged themselves in battalick order, on the border of the river, to conceal the departure of the brave Numa from the enemy. The Marfes who thought they were attacked, ran to the other side of the river, and darted their arrows at hazard. Thus did the
 Romans

Romans occupy their enemies, whilst Numa made his retreat behind the camp.

HE marched; he crossed the thick forests which extend towards Sora, and by a circle, avoided the dangerous marshes near Aratria, directing his course towards Affilus. At the dawn of day, he discovered the high mountains of Trebania. The prudent Numa advanced before his army, preceded by some soldiers lightly armed, leaving behind him guides to conduct Romulus. Soon he entered into the mountains, and ascended an amazing steep path. The soldiers, fatigued with so rapid a march, could with difficulty climb the rocks; but Numa encouraged and supported them; Numa always led them on: with one hand holding the trees, to assist his ascent;

ascent ; with the other making signals for his soldiers to follow. If he met a rapid stream, he always was the first who plunged into it, forbidding any to attempt to pass, until he in safety reached the other side. If a rock impeded their rout, he fixes his sword between the stones, then bearing his foot against this weak prop, he leaps on the precipice. Alone on the ridge he calls to his companions. The image of Herfilia is ever before him, and renders all his undertakings easy. Numa leads the army ; his example causes them to excel.

At length he arrived on the summit of the mountains, where, to his great astonishment, he perceived the traces of the ploughshare, cultivated fields, and pastures filled with flocks. They brought him some
shepherds,

shepherds, whom Numa thus addressed :
 ‘ I am not come to oppress you ; fear not
 ‘ either for yourselves, or your possessions ;
 ‘ only conduct us to your principal habita-
 ‘ tions, furnish us with provisions, for which
 ‘ we will pay, and permit us for three days
 ‘ to occupy the narrow parts of your moun-
 ‘ tains.’ The shepherds, no longer afraid,
 conducted the Sabines to their village.

How inexpressibly great was the sur-
 prize and joy of Numa, when he found the
 inhabitants to be the same Rheates whom
 he had delivered ! The old man who con-
 versed with him the day of the sacrifice,
 advanced, and looking stedfastly at him,
 exclaimed, ‘ O happy day ! my friends,
 ‘ my children, here is our deliverer, the
 ‘ susceptible hero, to whom we are indebted

'for our liberty : here is Numa——'
 at the mention of his name, a universal
 shout interrupted the old man : all the
 Rheates, surrounding Numa, fell on their
 knees. 'What ! it is thou who restored
 'my mother to me,' says one. 'I,' ex-
 claimed another, 'am indebted to thee for
 'my husband : ' 'And had it not been for
 'thee,' cried a child, 'I should have been
 'an orphan ! Son of God, for the benefac-
 'tors of men are certainly the true sons of
 'the Eternal, what do we not owe thee, for
 'favouring us with the happiness of again
 'seeing thee, to kiss those hands which
 'broke our chains ; to contemplate a hero,
 'who knows how to pardon ! Dispose of
 'us, our wealth, our lives, all we possess is
 'thine ; thou art our king, our father, still
 'more, thou wast our deliverer.'

NUMA

NUMA could no longer suppress the tears of his commiserating heart. The brave Sabines were excited, and love united them to the good people. The soldiers and inhabitants mingled; hospitality and friendship reigned throughout. The houses and cottages were filled with Numa's warriors; men, women, and children were eager to serve and present them with all they possessed. Sabines and Rheates are but one family: all love and respect Numa.

AFTER devoting some hours to rest, and the sweet reflections of benevolence, the hero gave the signal to assemble his army. All the inhabitants met at the sound of the trumpets, each armed with what they could find; one carrying a sword, long eaten by the rust; another a plough-share, which he

had metamorphosed to a dart ; the greater part with clubs they had wrested from the trees. ‘ We will fight for thee,’ said they ; ‘ we will enlist in thy army, and know, oh ! ‘ Numa, that if the merit of a soldier depends on his heart, thou wilt never command braver men.’ Thus speaking, they arranged themselves, endeavouring to imitate the Sabines : they pressed close to each other, in ranks badly executed ; this blustering phalanx requested to march first in the most dangerous roads.

NUMA, the sensible Numa, vainly endeavoured to curb their zeal. In vain did he refuse to expose men, who had no other motive for fighting, but the love which he had inspired : that love was stronger than his authority ; in spite of his orders, intreaties,

ties, and prayers, the son of Pompilius was obliged to double his army. He then informed them of his schemes, and entrusted them with his wish of being master of the heights, from whence he could crush his enemies.

THE Rheates immediately guided the Sabines into the defiles and passages most dangerous, marked out the situations for them to occupy, settled with them, cast down trees, rolled rocks to crush the Marses, and associated with the soldiers of their benefactor, determined to share all their dangers, impatiently waiting the arrival of the Roman army.

ROMULUS soon arrived. By a wise retreat, he left his camp, alluring, and driving
back

back the Marſes and Samnites : the nearer he approached the mountains, the more the active Romulus affected confuſion in his march. The rear guard, by his orders, fled. The entry of the Romans reſembled a defeat. Sophanor, Leo, the chief of the Samnites were all deceived. The allied army, compoſed of more courageous, than ſkilful men, engaged in the defiles, thinking they purſued fugitives.

ROMULUS, inſtructed by the guides Numa had left, drew the enemy into the moſt dangerous places : he then ceaſed to fly, but at the head of a powerful column, boldly waited for the Marſes, calling them to battle. Leo, the brave Leo, darted on the Romans ; the Samnites and Marſes were diſputing, who ſhould charge firſt,
when

when a shower of rocks and stumps of trees fell from the summit of the precipices, and crushed their battalions. The chiefs and soldiers alarmed, halted, and looking up, they perceived the heights illuminated with the gleam of armour. Congealed with fright, they dared not advance a step towards Romulus, neither could they go back; the prudent Numa had cut off their retreat. Enclosed on all sides, in a narrow field of battle, embarrassed with their numbers, crushed with the rocks that the Rheates and Sabines were incessantly rolling from the mountains, their allies conquered, without being able to fight; they threw down their arms, requesting to capitulate.

Who can paint the fury of Leo? He resembled the tygres of Hircania, when
she

she fell into the snare which was fixed near her den, while they carried off her defenceless young : she roared, maddening with rage ; she broke the stones she could seize with her teeth, she ground them in her fury, and with her burning eyes devoured the enemy she could not reach. Leo felt his rage rekindle, when he heard the cries of the vanquished army. ‘ No,’ exclaimed he, in a rigid tone ; ‘ harbour not a shadow of hope, that while Leo commands, he will consent to cowardice. ‘ Marpes and Samnites, before ye prostrate to ask for life, have courage to see me die,’ he said ; and darting across the arms and rocks, in spite of the stones and trunks of trees which were sliding down the ravines, his only attempt was to climb the summit.

THE

THE Rheates and Sabines re-united, towards the place where they threatened the attack, standing like a pile of rocks, ready to fall headlong on them. Numa ran forward, and stopped the inundation that was likely to overwhelm Leo. 'Friends,' cried he, respect his audacity, 'I took the advantage of the roads, when opposed by a greater number, but to the bravery of one man I only put my own courage in competition. Stop, Leo, I will spare thee half the road.'

WHEN he had thus spoken, he descended with calm steps, driving back the Sabines who wished to accompany him, and met his formidable enemy on a levelled rock, furrounded by precipices, which was only large enough for them to sacrifice

themselves. There they stopped, silently gazing at each other ; their taciturnity seemed to proceed from their mutual admiration. The armies ceased their conflict : the public eye was directed towards the two heroes. Each soldier, forgetting himself, was solely occupied in contemplating of them ; the hazardous place on which the stage was erected, seemed to foretell the fate of the chiefs.

LEO first broke the silence : ‘ Brave young man,’ says he to Numa, ‘ I esteem the courage thou disclorest : it affects me much to try my strength with thine. Return, believe me, to thy battalions, and let me revenge myself on some warrior less brave than thou.’

‘ THERE

‘ THERE are not any less,’ replied Numa,
 ‘ in our army ; the last of our Romans
 ‘ equal me, and thou wilt soon know whe-
 ‘ ther I should give rise to thy pity.’ Not
 being able, from the confined spot, to fling
 his dart, he seized it with both his hands,
 and passionately thrust it against the breast
 of his antagonist. The blow must have
 been fatal, had not the steel point lodged
 where the claws crossing formed a three-
 fold cuirass. This impenetrable fence
 blunted Numa’s iron, and the violence of
 the blow broke the dart in his hand.

LEO staggered, but his fury increased. He
 lifted up his formidable club, and swing-
 ing it over his head, it descended violent-
 ly on Numa’s shield, which flew in ten thous-
 and pieces. Numa recoiled with one knee

on the ground, but instantly rising up, he drew the sword of Pompilius, the only arms he had left. Leo struck a second time, but the agile Numa avoided it. Cautiously watching each other, they mutually strove for the advantage, unable to quit the ground, bounded by precipices.

LEO, irritated at so tedious a resistance, raised the club with both his hands, and hastened towards his enemy, wielding over him inevitable death. Numa could no longer resist him : he sheltered himself with his sword, feeble assistance ! which could not have saved his life, had not Ceres watched over him. Ceres, from the sacred top of old Olympus, weighed this horrid conflict. She beheld the uplifted club ; trembling she flew, and her invisible arm dispelled

led

led the blow. Leo, dragged by the effort and weight of the club, fell like an oak tree of an hundred years old, rooted up by the passing thunder. Numa rushed on him, and seizing him by the throat, fixed the point of his sword on his heart. 'Thy life,' cried he, 'is at my disposal, but I cannot put to death so valiant a warrior. Come, sign the peace : I would far rather be thy friend, than conqueror.'

WHEN he had thus said, Numa arose, and returned his sword to his scabbard. Leo was scarcely up, when he embraced his generous vanquisher ; hand in hand they descended to the Marfes, employed in thinking whom among the ancients they should appoint to treat with Romulus.

NUMA,

NUMA, attended by LEO, proceeded to the king of Rome. Numa solicited in favour of the Marfes, and Romulus agreed to the peace. ‘Ye fhall,’ fays he, ‘reftore
‘my confederate, the king of Campania,
‘to his liberty, furrender his treafures and
‘prifoners. As to the lands of Aurences,
‘which that monarch will require of you,
‘they will either in his hands, or your’s,
‘be a continual fubject of difcontent, for it
‘will remain in my power. To indemnify
‘you for that lofs, the king of Capua will
‘leave you the town of Auxence, and his
‘fon Capis will remain in hoftage with you
‘till the preliminaries be figned.’

THE Marfes, more favoured by thefe conditions than the king of Campania, accepted the propofals without hesitation;
and

and Romulus, who became master of a new country, heeded not the interest of his ally, whom he contemned. But he determined to reward Numa: 'Valiant young man,' said he, 'in my place shalt thou rejoice; 'thou shalt enter Rome in my chariot, at 'the head of my army. Leo shall march 'before thee, and thou shalt receive the 'hand of my daughter at the altar of Ju- 'piter.'

'Most excellent king,' replied Numa, 'to thee alone triumph is due; the hand 'of Herfilia is the summit of my wishes. 'As to Leo, I am not his conqueror. Ro- 'mans, it is not to me he yielded; it 'was Ceres who quitted the heavens to 'give me the victory. Return, Leo, to- 'wards thy people; thou art free and un- conquer-

‘conquerable, for thou hast only submitted
‘to the immortals.’

THE Romans and the Marfes thought they had heard a god speaking. Leo threw himself into his arms, and wept in admiration. He denied Numa ; he insisted on having been conquered : but Numa related to both armies the assistance he received from Ceres, loudly returning thanks to the goddesses for having preserved his life, and veiling him with glory, refusing to be loaded with praises he did not deserve.

IN the mean time, the peace is signed. The king of Campania is liberated, Romulus delivered up Capiſ, and the troops are already gone off to take poſſeſſion of the country of Aurences. Numa and Leo, previous

vious to their departure, swore eternal friendship, and presented each other with gifts. Numa made his friend accept of the beautiful Thracian steed, given him by Tatius. Leo gave Numa a helmet, forged by Vulcan, which belonged to the chief of the Samnites : ‘Keep this,’ says he, ‘but ‘above all endow me with thy esteem. I ‘vow to consecrate my life to thee, as soon ‘as it is in my disposal.’

ROMULUS, disposed to return to Rome, made Numa ascend in the same chariot with Hersilia, and lead the army. Numa, pregnant with joy, could not contain his enthusiasm. Seated by the delight of his soul, and certain of possessing her. This idea deprived him both of speech and reason. Numa, covered with glory, Numa,

the favourite of Romulus, and preserver of the army, trembled at the side of Herfilia. In vain he had obtained her ; he could not believe he merited the blessing.

THE Roman army had just repassed the Liris, when a messenger, covered with dust, loudly calling for Numa, presented himself before him, with his face bathed in tears. Numa, much troubled, questioned him, apprehensive some melancholy event had happened to Tatius. ‘ I come not from Rome,’ replied the messenger, ‘ but from the holy forest, the temple of Ceres. The venerable Tullus could not endure thy absence, no longer could support thy forgetfulness : he is near to the gates of death, and intreats the favour of seeing thee before he enters.’

AT

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AT these words Numa screamed, and darted from the chariot, without devoting a moment to the taking leave of Herfilia, or speaking to Romulus ; he took the swiftest horse in his retinue, and fled towards Sabinia.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

B O O K VI.

The joy of Tullus at seeing Numa : the kind and devout attentions of the hero.—The prudent advice of the high-priest.—Death of Tullus.—Numa's regret and uneasiness.—He determines to go after Herfilia.—He passes through a country desolated by that princess ; and struck with horror, he returns to Rome.—The discourse of Romulus to his people.—Tatius's answer.—The preparation for the marriage of Herfilia and Numa.—Tatius is assassinated.—Numa assists him, and promises to marry his daughter.

NUMA urged the speed of his courser, and crying bitterly, pursued the course

course of the Anio. He fled from his mistress the moment before their marriage was to be solemnized, and quitted the glory due to his success : but it was not those sacrifices that caused him to weep ; it was the danger of Tullus ; the sorrow of having almost forgot the high-priest, to think of love. He dreaded the reproaches he was going to receive ; but the fear of not finding him alive, overwhelmed his soul. ‘ Alas ! ’ says he, ‘ had I not quitted him, ‘ probably I might have prolonged his ‘ days ; at least I should have softened his ‘ pain : it was my duty to repay his age, ‘ for the kind cares I received in my infancy. I am an ungrateful being : these ‘ reproaches will embitter my life ; glory ‘ never can revive me. Ah ! of what signification are the praises and approbation ‘ of

‘ of the whole world, whilst our heart is
‘ incessantly chiding us.’

SUCH was Numa’s soliloquy on his journey through the country of the Carseoles. Without delaying a moment, he left behind him the amiable Tiber, the cascade of the Anio, the forest of Eretum, when he discovered the holy wood and edifice of the temple. O what tender, melancholy sentiments did the prospect inspire ! His soul was excited at beholding the spot which gave him birth, but a more powerful concern occupied his mind · he ran, and arrived at the high-priest’s habitation, where he enquired for him, sought him, and at length discovered him, on his bed of sickness, surrounded by priests and beggars.

AT

At this sight, Numa shrieked, hastened, fell on his knees, seized the hand of Tullus, and covered it with kisses and tears. The old man, whose feeble eyelids were fallen, raised them up, and perceived Numa. Immediately a celestial beam appeared to descend on his forehead; his eyes were re-animating; a slight colour tinged his cheeks. 'O my child!' cried he, 'my dear son, do I see thee again? The gods have granted my prayers! Come, throw thyself into my arms: haste; I fear my joy will overcome me, before I embrace thee.' When he had thus spoken, with difficulty he raised himself, and stretched his trembling hands towards Numa. He seized them, and clasped them to his bosom: he could not utter a syllable, nor loose them from his breast; and the young man, whose
tears

tears rolled over his father's long white beard, could only answer by his sobs.

THE sudden shock Tullus experienced, quite exhausted his weak frame. He fell back without motion, almost lifeless; yet retaining the hand of Numa. Eagerly they press around the old man; the voice of his beloved reanimated him: he opened his eyes, and as soon as he recovered the power to speak, gave orders to be left alone with his son. Then kissing him again, ' Now
' that thou art returned to me, let the gods
' dispose of my days; oh! let cruel fate
' cut the woof: now that I behold thee,
' contented shall I die. Had I longer time
' to enjoy thy company, I might load thee
' with reproaches, but the few hours which
' remain, suffice not to express my affection,

‘tion, speak only of thee, and hear thee
 ‘relate to me all thy proceedings. Good
 ‘fortune, no doubt, hath attended thee, for
 ‘thou hast not had cause to entrust me with
 ‘thy troubles. Inform me of all thy suc-
 ‘cesses ; the narrative will detain my fugi-
 ‘tive soul ; at least my death will be ren-
 ‘dered much more pleasing, if the last
 ‘word which strikes my ear assures me thou
 ‘hast been happy.’

‘Alas ! my father,’ replied Numa,
 ‘there is no more happiness for me, if the
 ‘gods do not prolong thy life ; if they do
 ‘not consent to my tears, to repent of the
 ‘pangs which I suffer, for having quitted
 ‘thee, for having forgot my father, and—’

‘THOU art always conversing of me,’ in-
 terrupted the old man, ‘and it is thou alone

'for whom I am interested. Thou hast
 'not obliterated me from thy recollection,
 'since thou dost, and wilt love me. I am
 'perfectly contented with thy heart ; be
 'not more difficult than thine ancient mas-
 'ter. Talk to me of my son ; that is the
 'most urgent wish of my soul. If thou
 'hast committed any faults, fear not to re-
 'veal them to me : thou art well acquaint-
 'ed with thy father ; thou wilt not find
 'him most severe at the moment he is go-
 'ing to quit thee.'

HE then held out his hand to Numa,
 and in spite of the acute pains he suffered,
 looked at him with an affectionate smile.
 Numa's blushes dispersed by degrees ; his
 features regained their former serenity ;
 his eyes, bathed with tears, turned towards
 the

the high-priest, expressive of meekness and confidence : so the damask rose, when the storm has bent its tender stalk, raises its humid head to the first ray of the sun.

NUMA then informed him of his arrival in Rome ; the reception he met with from Tatius ; the burning passion which consumed him, and all the enterprizes love had occasioned him. Pure truth presided in his recitals : Numa acknowledged himself culpable, in not having adhered to the counsel of the pontiff, and removing from Tatius : he sought not to disguise his faults, but rather omitted his atchievements.

TULLUS listened to him ; he felt no illness ; affection suspended his pain, but when he learnt Numa's heart beat high for

Herfilia, he lifted his eyes towards hea-
 ven. 'Cruel love!' exclaimed he, 'I fore-
 ' see the stroke; thou wilt cause this vir-
 ' tuous young man to pine away, for the
 ' daughter of an ungodly king, who en-
 ' slaved us; who by injuries of the grossest
 ' nature, forced us to become his confede-
 ' rates; who counterfeited the name of the
 ' gods, to drag us into the snare, and to
 ' plunge the Sabines into ignominy and
 ' wretchedness. Oh! my dear son, by
 ' what dangers do I behold thee surrounded!
 ' Thou believest thyself on the high road
 ' to bliss, because Romulus has promised
 ' thee his daughter: I mourn the pangs
 ' that union will create. Thou wilt scarcely
 ' be related to Romulus, e'er thou shalt en-
 ' tirely lose the affections of the Sabines.
 ' Tatius himself will suspect thee; and per-
 ' haps

' haps thou mayest become his enemy. Do
 ' not flatter, thyself the concord which
 ' subsists between the two kings at this pe-
 ' riod, will be of long duration ; hatred re-
 ' sides in the bottom of their hearts : the
 ' least spark will rekindle the flame, and
 ' thou wilt be obliged to chuse between the
 ' father of thy wife, and the parent, the
 ' friend of thy father ; between thy lawful
 ' king, the most equitable and virtuous of
 ' men, and a king of vagabonds, who never
 ' knew any other right, than force ; virtue,
 ' than bravery ; whose first exploit was to
 ' destroy his brother, and who sealed his al-
 ' liance with the Sabines, with the blood of
 ' Pompilius !—Thou tremblest ! yet such
 ' is the character of him whom thou must
 ' call thy father. Immortal gods ! dispel
 ' my unlucky presages, or pluck out of this
 ' innocent

58 NUMA POMPILIUS. [Book VI,

‘innocent heart the empoisoned arrow,
‘which will be ruin to his virtue, piety,
‘and sacred love of his country.’

THE conscious Numa blushed, without daring to answer ; the mention of Pompilius had confounded him. Tullus pitied him : he feared afflicting him too much, by pungent reflection ; so breaking off the toilsome discourse, he postponed to a future hour, the truths he yet wished to reveal. Thus the disciple of Æsculapius divided the salutary, but violent remedy, which ought to cure his weak patient.

FROM this moment, Numa took the entire charge of Tullus : night or day he was never absent from his side ; always occupied with the hope of recovering, or fear
of

of losing him, continually watching him, he shared his ills. The most tender mother guards not the death-bed of her favourite son with greater zeal. If Tullus allayed his thirst, the cup came from his son's hand : if Tullus uttered a syllable, it was Numa only who returned the answer. He sympathized and encouraged him ; he concealed his tears, and smiled with him, incessantly affecting a joy and hope, to which his heart was a stranger. He discharged the duty of a friend, son, and servant ; the conqueror of Leo, in all his victories, felt not so sweet a gratification, as he experienced in attending his benefactor.

A FEW days increased his disorder : the last hour approached, but that moment was not tremendous to him. The venerable
pontiff

pontiff always lived to die : each moment of his life he was prepared to appear in the presence of the Almighty Judge ; each day to him was alike, and the instant which closed his terrestrial cares, was the commencement of his rewards.

NUMA alone occupies his thoughts : he sent away all the witnesses ; then taking Numa's hand, and locking it in his breast, repeated these words : ' My son, I am going to die ; thy tender care hath more than acquitted thee with me : it is Tullus who is obliged to thee, and it is sweet for him to carry such sentiments to the grave. In one short hour I shall not need Numa's assistance ; but Numa, perhaps, may want Tullus. Oh ! my son, that idea renders death painful to me : thy love for
 ' Herfilia

' Herfilia embitters and terrifies my last
 ' moments. Thy heart, doubtless, is de-
 ' ceived : urged by the wish of loving, it
 ' is enflamed for the first object which se-
 ' duced it, and one unguarded moment has
 ' caused a durable error.

' NUMA, there are two sorts of love,
 ' born for the happiness or misery of the
 ' world : one the most common, and per-
 ' haps the most destructive, is that which
 ' consumes thee ; it resides in the brain,
 ' formed there, and nourished by it ; it does
 ' not inhabit our hearts ; it flows through
 ' our veins ; it raises not our mind, it sub-
 ' dues it ; it seeks not estimation, it only
 ' desires to sport. This despicable love has
 ' not any concern with our souls : judge
 ' then if it can bestow felicity. No, my
 VOL. II. I son,

‘ son, the gods merely gave it ascendancy
 ‘ over men, to humiliate their pride.

‘ THE other love is a celestial gift, the
 ‘ offspring of esteem, and nourished by her.
 ‘ It is less passionate, than virtuous; it is
 ‘ not an impetuous extasy; it is connected
 ‘ only with tender sentiments; it dwells in
 ‘ the soul, it warms, but consumes it not;
 ‘ it lightens it, but does not burn it; it
 ‘ nourishes it with proper nourishment, and
 ‘ the desire of attaining the highest perfec-
 ‘ tion: its pleasures are unspotted; even
 ‘ its anxieties have charms. Surrounded
 ‘ by the greater afflictions, it still enjoys a
 ‘ sweet peace; that peace which alone leads
 ‘ to happiness. Thou wilt experience, my
 ‘ child, thou wilt be sensible, that honours,
 ‘ riches, sensuality, glory itself, will not re-
 ‘ place

‘ place the tranquillity, that innocence only
 ‘ can give : old age, which impairs every
 ‘ thing, seems to increase the comfort.

‘ IT is for thee, my son, to inform me
 ‘ which of those two passions resembles
 ‘ that which thou feelest. O Numa ! be-
 ‘ lieve a father who esteems thee ; who
 ‘ only regrets life, because it deprives him
 ‘ of watching over thy happiness. Never
 ‘ canst thou experience that happiness,
 ‘ till thou hast learned to command thyself,
 ‘ till thou canst curb the reins of thy pas-
 ‘ sion. Be cautious of harbouring the
 ‘ idea, that to govern our foibles is imprac-
 ‘ ticable. Examine thyself, and thou wilt
 ‘ always find virtue ready to oppose the vice
 ‘ which is endeavouring to seduce thee. If
 ‘ thy senses are inflamed by beauty, wis-

' dom is there to protect thee ; if by too
 ' great labour thou art fatigued, courage
 ' instantly supports thee ; if injustice re-
 ' volts, the love of order renders thee sub-
 ' missive ; and if misfortune oppresses thee,
 ' patience flies to thy assistance. Thus, in
 ' every state of thy soul, Heaven hath pro-
 ' vided thee with a comforter or supporter.
 ' Profit then by the benefits of the Creator,
 ' and cease to think thyself weak, to reserve
 ' the privilege of falling. But I feel my
 ' voice will shortly be absorbed in death.
 ' O my dear son ! I entreat thee to stifle
 ' that dreadful affection, which will ever
 ' render thee miserable. I have but one
 ' word more to impart : thou art persuaded
 ' the passion, when newly born, made thee
 ' forget Tullus : who can foretell, that it
 ' may not cause thee to forget virtue ? I
 ' am

'am persuaded thou lovedst me equal to
'her.'

SUCH were the last words of Tullus.
He quickly after expired, in the arms of
Numa, whilst expressing his affection, and
addressing his last sigh.

ALTHOUGH his inevitable death was
foreseen, it had nearly proved fatal also to
the son of Pompilius. They were obliged
to tear him from the body of the pontiff,
and cautiously guard his despair. Ex-
hausted by his continual watchings, and
grief, bathed in tears, and refusing all nou-
rishment, Numa would himself carry the
body of his benefactor to the funeral pile.
He advanced at the head of the priests, and
all the inhabitants of Sabinia, pale, ghastly,
suffused

suffused with tears, and laden with the dear
 weight. He placed it on the pile, gazed
 on it, a thousand times embraced it, and
 could not prevail on himself to quit it.

‘ Oh ! my father,’ cried he, sobbing, ‘ I
 ‘ shall not see thee again ! I shall never see
 ‘ thee ! This mouth will never again assure
 ‘ me of thy love ! These eyes, with wont-
 ‘ ed tendernefs, shall review me no more !
 ‘ Oh ! God, who hast already deprived me
 ‘ of the author of my days, why make me
 ‘ twice experience the same terrible dis-
 ‘ after ? Yes, this day I lose Pompilius, my
 ‘ mother, my master and benefactor ; all
 ‘ the advantages Heaven hath given for
 ‘ the support and consolation of man, are
 ‘ torn from me, in Tullus. The world to
 ‘ me is a void space : I shall never find
 ‘ Tullus

‘ Tullus again ! Come join me, all ye poor
 ‘ and unfortunate, who are also left orphans ;
 ‘ our misfortunes render us brethren :
 ‘ come, come kiss the cold inanimate re-
 ‘ mains of our good father, whom we have
 ‘ lost.’ The poor advanced ; all the Sa-
 bines shrieked ; not a single word could be
 distinguished ; inarticulate sounds, and la-
 mentable groans only were heard. Their
 cries increased, when they perceived the
 flames waving high. Numa, by an invo-
 luntary motion, darted forward to retake
 the body ; but they stopped him, and the
 fire soon consumed the corpse of the best of
 men. Then deep silence succeeded their
 grievous cries. The Sabines, priests, Nu-
 ma himself, with a pensive eye, viewed the
 mass of ashes, sole remains of him whom
 they mourned : with silent anguish they
 contem-

contemplated the dust of this virtuous man.

IN the mean time they extinguished the remainder of the funeral pile, they collected the ashes of Tullus, and deposited them in an urn, and Numa carried them into the same vault, and placed them on the same tomb, near the urn of his mother. ‘Be united,’ exclaimed he, ‘ashes that I adore; resemble after death the souls which animated ye during life; may these pure and happy souls congratulate each other in the Elysian fields, for their example of virtue to their son, for their affection and piety!’ He then cut his long ~~white~~ hair, and consecrated it to the shade of Tullus; he sacrificed ten black ewes of Erebus, which finished this melancholy funeral.

AFTER

AFTER having fulfilled these sad duties, Numa set off to join his army, meditating on the advice Tullus had given him. In vain he endeavoured to persuade himself of the truth of his opinion, the dangers which furrounded him, the sorrow he will cause to Tatus and his people : in vain he experienced a secret horror at being related to him who caused the death of his parents : the image of Herfilia, the fear of seeing her in the arms of a rival ; all the transports of love, and the torments of jealousy, united to lead him astray from piety and reason. Numa lamented disobeying the last precepts of the high-priest ; weeping, he conjured the injured shade to pardon his weakness. For since the death of Tullus, Numa ever imagined the soul of his deceased friend was witness to all his actions, to his most secret

thoughts, and it was this fear that improved his virtues.

NUMA hoped to find the army on the borders of Herniscia : but he learned at Trebia, that Romulus, with half his troops, was gone to surprize Prenesta, whilst Herfilia, with the other half, marched against the Herniscian monarch, whose refusal to admit the Romans to pass through his territories, when they were advancing to attack the Marfes, seemed an unappeasable affront to Romulus. He ordered his daughter to revenge herself dreadfully ; and the cruel princess too strongly adhered to his commands.

NUMA, who expected to meet danger in Herfilia's expedition, burned with impatience

ence to be with his beloved : he travelled day and night, that he might quickly join her. How great was his surprise and anguish, when he arrived in the country she had passed through ; ruin and desolation every where marked her footsteps. Her feeble enemies fled before her ; Hersilia pursued them with sword and fire. The full eared corn was trampled under the feet of her horses ; the trees, pride of their soil, were broken down, and their scattered branches, laden with fruit, attested their former fertility ; the villages are reduced to ashes, the conflagration still smoaking. The sword sacrificed all those who could not save themselves by flight ; the corpse of the tiller lay by the side of his broken plough ; and the slaughtered mother was seen with the mangled infant on her bosom ; rivulets

of blood lost themselves in heaps of ashes,
and famished vultures, the only inhabitants
of these desolated abodes, loudly contended
for Herfilia's horrid gifts.

‘ O IMMORTAL gods !’ exclaimed Numa,
‘ these are the traces of her for whom I
‘ sicken ! and this the splendour of hy-
‘ meneal felicity ! Herfilia, is it possible
‘ thou shouldest have committed such in-
‘ human depredations ! Romulus prescribed
‘ them, but was it for thee, was it for his
‘ daughter to execute such deeds ! Ah !
‘ whatever respect is due to our father, or
‘ our sovereign, still more is due to our-
‘ selves, and to humanity ; and when a
‘ king ordains a crime, one would sooner
‘ die than obey. I who came to defend
‘ thee, who flew to relieve thee, now tread
‘ on

' on thy victims ! Walk on earth, wet with
 ' the blood thou hast spilled ! Execrable
 ' prerogative of war, are these thy grants ?
 ' Is this the production of my atchievements,
 ' the sequel of that glory for which I quit-
 ' ted all most dear to me ! Yes, I have for-
 ' gotten Tullus, and have abandoned Ta-
 ' tius, to become the companion of tygers,
 ' who delight in shedding blood : I equal-
 ' led their fury in battle, and thought my-
 ' self a hero ! Oh ! Tullus, pardon this de-
 ' testable error, which for ever I banish
 ' from my soul. The true hero is he who
 ' defends his country when invaded : but
 ' the king, or warrior, who spilleth one
 ' drop of blood, that he could have spared,
 ' is no more than a savage beast, whom
 ' mankind applaud, because they are not
 ' able to confine him in chains.'

NUMA

NUMA removed from this scene of slaughter ; he gave up all thoughts of following the footsteps of Hersilia, dreading he should again have cause to blush for his adored : he returned, leaving the country of Herniscia ; and his heart stained, humiliated at being a warrior, he took the road to Rome.

THE whole army had already re-entered the city, e'er Numa arrived. Romulus thanked the gods at the capitol, for all the evils he had done to society ; and attempted, to ennoble his cruelty, to associate with the immortals.

NUMA resorted to the capitol, where Tatius, his daughter, and the Sabines were also. He ascended, and the moment the
good

good king distinguished him, he ran, as quick as his age would permit, and clasped the son of Pompilius in his arms. The old man was overcome with joy at seeing him, but his joy was turned into sorrow, when he heard that Tullus was no more. 'O the misfortune of old age!' said he; 'we survive all we consider valuable! Numa, I have only my daughter and thyself: on you two will I reconcile all the sentiments of my soul: I at least have the pleasing hope of finishing my days before you.' He then took his daughter's hand, joining it with Numa's, and pressed them to his heart. Tatia blushed; her hand trembled when she touched Numa: she cast down her eyes towards the ground, not daring to look at the hero.

THE

THE hero fought Herfilia ; he discovered her close to Romulus. The fight redoubled the energy of his affections, and in one moment, defeated all the counsel he had received from Tullus. Numa hastily returned the good king's tender careffes, and disengaging from his arm, coolly saluted his daughter, advancing quickly to join Romulus.

THE king of Rome embraced him, and presenting him to his people, commanded profound silence.

‘ ROMANS,’ exclaimed he, ‘ you have
 ‘ seen me triumph ; but it was Numa who
 ‘ should have triumphed in my place : it is
 ‘ to Numa I owe the victory : to reward
 ‘ him, I give him that, which so many
 ‘ kings

‘kings have in vain solicited; she who
 ‘hath disdained innumerable heroes, my
 ‘daughter.’

THE Romans shouted for joy: the Sabines preserved a pensive sullen silence: Tatius remained motionless, like a man who perceives a thunder-bolt fall at his feet: Tatia turned pale, and approached her father: Hersilia observed it, and regarded her with an eye of discontent. Numa’s blushes confessed his disquietude, when he ventured to look on Tatia, Hersilia, the Sabines, and Tatius. Romulus, not at all concerned, informed them, that on the morrow the sacred nuptials should be solemnized on that altar, laden with the spoils of Italy; and that it should be consecrated by holy plays, which were to continue ten days.

AT the word play, the Sabines looked at him, knitting their brows : Tatius raised his eyes towards the heavens ; Numa fixed his on the ground.

‘ ROMANS,’ continued Romulus, ‘ after
 ‘ having offered up our acknowledgements,
 ‘ I shall pursue your interests ; I have just
 ‘ subdued the country of Aurences ; but
 ‘ that addition to your territories will not
 ‘ be very advantageous, while you are separated from it by the Volscians. To render it valuable, the Volscians must also
 ‘ be conquered, and in ten days I will march
 ‘ against them. Romans, ye are born for
 ‘ war : you cannot aggrandize, or support
 ‘ yourselves, without it. Peace would be
 ‘ your scourge ; it would soften your courage, and weaken your invincible arms.
 ‘ Judge

' Judge what an advantage you will have
 ' over other nations, when by never
 ' quitting the camp, you will be inured to
 ' difficulty and danger. Enervated by ease,
 ' relaxed in courage, inferior both in strength
 ' and experience, the enemy whom you
 ' attack shall fly before you; and e'er they
 ' have learned the terrible art, of which
 ' you are already masters, repeated defeats
 ' shall proclaim their subjection. Thus by
 ' turns, attacking all the people of Italy,
 ' dividing them, to render their destruc-
 ' tion more easy, allying yourselves with
 ' the weakest, and then oppressing them,
 ' you in a little time will attain the con-
 ' quest of the world, promised to Rome by
 ' Jupiter.' All agreed to accomplish the
 will of the gods, and that victory would
 justify the means they employed.

'ROMANS, let war occupy your
 ' thoughts ; let it be your only study, your
 ' sole employment. Leave, leave others to
 ' cultivate an ungrateful soil ; leave them to
 ' acquire treasures by commerce, industry,
 ' and all the vile inventions of weakness.
 ' You will reap the corn they sow ; you
 ' will disperse the riches they hoard up.
 ' They are children of the earth, destined
 ' to cultivate it ; ye are sons of the god
 ' Mars, whose only trade is to conquer.
 ' Romans, war eternal with those who re-
 ' fuse the yoke. The universe is your in-
 ' heritance ; all who occupy it are usurpers
 ' of your wealth : never forfeit the noble
 ' task of recovering what belongs to you.'

THUS spoke Romulus : the army ap-
 plauded him, but the people complained.

The

The hoarse murmuring of the assembly resembled the buzzing of bees, when in crouds they quit their hives to be stripped of the honey.

TATIUS for a moment drew back; he relently looked at the people, and standing up on the tribunal, where he presided, opposite to Romulus, waved his golden scepter, demanding their attention. His venerable appearance, goodness and meekness, impressed every one with a holy respect. Romulus surprised and disturbed, looked at him with austerity; he contracted his black brows, passion was seated on his forehead. Jupiter frowned not more sternly on Saturn, when in the assembly of the gods he opposed his decrees.

‘KING,

' KING, my equal, and copartner,' says
 the good Tatiſus, ' there is not a ſingle Ro-
 ' man, who admires more than I do thy
 ' valour, thy military talents and love of
 ' glory. I rejoiced at thy triumph as much
 ' as thou didſt; and when I reflect that I
 ' never knew a hero whom I could compare
 ' with thee, I am delighted; but the
 ' charming title of hero is not ſufficient
 ' for a king; there is a ſweeter, a more
 ' glorious epithet, which is that of father.
 ' Look on that part of your ſubjects, co-
 ' vered with cuiraffes, and armed with
 ' lances; they no doubt are thy children,
 ' and as ſuch thou doſt treat them: but
 ' behold the other part, ten times as many
 ' in number, cloathed in miſerable rags,
 ' becauſe inſtead of dreſſing themſelves,
 ' they have paid for thy brilliant armour;
 ' they

' they also are thy children, and thou
 ' treatest them as enemies; thou hast de-
 ' prived them of their bread, their hus-
 ' bands and their children; their laurels
 ' are bathed with their tears; each of thy
 ' victories have been gained by their sub-
 ' stance and blood. Romulus, it is now full
 ' time to let them breath—it is time thou
 ' shouldst allow those to live, whose fathers
 ' died for thee. Cease then to slaughter
 ' men, and above all, cease to say it is to
 ' accomplish the decrees of the gods.
 ' The gods can only wish for the happiness
 ' of mankind; their first gift was the
 ' golden age; and when Olympus assembled
 ' to give Minerva the victory, it was for
 ' having produced the olive tree. One of
 ' these gods, Saturn, reigned in Italy:
 ' remember how he reigned; and no longer
 ' asperse

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‘ asperse the gods, by saying they order
‘ massacre.

‘ THOU pretendest that the Romans can
‘ only subsist by war; shew me a single
‘ nation who exists by that horrid means;
‘ and tell me how the people perished, who
‘ have disappeared from the world. Was it
‘ by war that the unfortunate Thebes pre-
‘ served his dignity? He however conquer-
‘ ed the seven kings of Argolis, and his
‘ victory caused his ruin. Was it by war
‘ the ancient Trojans maintained their pow-
‘ er in Asia? War is destructive to states;
‘ those who suffer it most frequently, finish
‘ by yielding. King, my colleague, I en-
‘ treat thee, in the name of these people,
‘ who have so often wasted their blood for
‘ thee, allow the little blood they have re-
‘ maining,

' maining, time to return to their exhausted
 ' veins, no nation will attack us ; thy con-
 ' quests are large enough ; let us occupy
 ' ourselves to make those happy, who have
 ' been subdued by thy arm ! In spite of
 ' my diligence I am unable to punish all the
 ' unjust acts, to alleviate all the unfortu-
 ' nate : assist me in this noble employment.
 ' Together let us travel over our state,
 ' already so large by thy bravery ; and when
 ' we have dried up all their tears, enriched
 ' the indigent, when there is no misery re-
 ' maining in our empire, I will let thee
 ' depart to extend our frontiers.'

He said, and Romulus trembled ; all the
 people shouted ; the whole army were excit-
 ed ; Romulus was preparing to reply ; his
 air plainly indicated he did not intend

complying with the peace. But the people hastened, furrounded him by crouds, not allowing him to begin his discourse. Women, old men, children, all on their knees, stretched out their arms, crying
 ‘Peace! peace! Son of a god grant us
 ‘peace! we entreat thee—take all our
 ‘wealth, but endow us with peace.’

‘O MY children!’ answered Tatius bathed in tears, and almost distracted,
 ‘your prayers shall be granted. I have
 ‘requested it of Romulus in the name of
 ‘tenderness and affection, now I exact it
 ‘as his colleague and equal, both in power
 ‘and dignity. If he refuses me, Romans,
 ‘I will go at your head, and place myself
 ‘at the gate of Rome: there we will wait
 ‘for him and his army; we will throw our-
 selves

‘ selves on the earth, and see whether the
 ‘ savages will dare trample under their
 ‘ feet, their king, their mothers, and their
 ‘ children.’

THE army again shouted, crying, ‘ Ne-
 ‘ ver! No, never!’ Each soldier threw
 down his arms intermingled with the peo-
 ple, embraced their mothers and sons,
 uniting their intreaties for a peace.

THE terrible Romulus, obliged to yield
 for the first time in his life, disguised his
 fury, agreed to a truce, and with a furious
 air precipitately retired to his palace. He
 was always followed by his guards, named
 Celeres, which he appointed purposely to
 attend him.

HE had scarcely quitted the assembly, when venting the passion which overburthened his heart, he issued a volley of imprecations against Tatius; and in his rage, indiscreet expressions escaped him, which created the most direful consequences: ‘When will this troublesome old man cease to fetter my glory? I have not then a friend who can deliver me?’ This shameful speech was but too well heard by the Celeres.

HERSILIA had followed Romulus, but Numa did not dare pursue Hersilia. Reclining against a pillar, his eyes pensively bowed towards the ground, comparing the virtues of Tatius with the ferocity of him who was going to be his father, he remained buried in profound meditation.

Tatius

Tatius approached him : ‘ Son-in-law to
 ‘ Romulus,’ says he, holding out his hand,
 ‘ wilt thou wage war against me ?’

THIS question caused Numa’s tears to
 flow ; he fell on his knees before the king :
 ‘ Oh my father !’ exclaimed he, ‘ I dare
 ‘ not look at thee ; pardon—’

‘ I PARDON all,’ interrupted Tatius,
 ‘ if thou wilt promise ever to esteem me.
 ‘ Thou hast disposed of thyself without
 ‘ informing me ; thou hast contracted an
 ‘ alliance by no means agreeable to our Sa-
 ‘ bines ; I doubt if the venerable Tullus
 ‘ advised thee ; but, if she can render thee
 ‘ happy, we ought all to approve it. Nu-
 ‘ ma, I would have been thy father, but
 ‘ it is Romulus who is to enjoy that hap-
 ‘ piness :

‘ pinefs : I muft confefs I envy him. Oh
‘ if he does not fulfill his tender functions ;
‘ if his heart is not fufficiently fenfible of
‘ the high value of the name which would
‘ have been fo fweet to me, Numa, my pa-
‘ ternal breast, will ever be open to thee,
‘ and Tatius will be greatly obliged to thee,
‘ if thou chufest him for thy comforter.’

HE then quitted Numa, leaving him
fpeechlefs, full of trouble, remorse and
love.

NUMA in this violent agitation ran to
meet Herfilia, flattering himfelf, at her
fide he fhould find calmnefs and content ;
there he found preparations for the nup-
tials. The fight transported him with
joy : but that joy was not pure ; it was
corrupted

corrupted with fear. He conversed with the object he loved, and from her mouth heard the confirmation of his being beloved; yet the ravishing sound could not chase from his heart the secret fear which congealed him. He viewed Hersilia; love was expressed in her eyes, but her breast did not appear to be the residence of peace. Numa tormented, trembled; an hundred times he repeated, that the morrow was to be the completion of his happiness: a voice at the bottom of his soul checked him, saying, happiness is far distant from thee. In vain did Numa endeavour to persuade himself they were unjustly founded: his heart continually disclaimed the reasons his spirit suggested. At last, wearied with care, damped with fear, consumed with love, he turned towards the wood of Egeria, where he first beheld

beheld the object who was to be his wife. Determined to view the spot so dear to his soul, he contemplated his mysterious dream: he hoped that in offering up his pious ejaculations to the temple of Minerva, the goddess would deign to return him that peace he so much wanted.

HE marched: the sun was gliding down the steep of heaven. He had scarce entered the wood, when he was struck with the sound of dreadful groans: he thought he knew the dying voice, and grasping his sword, quickly flew to the place from whence resounded the mournful accents—What a sight presented! Tatius dying by the hands of four assassins. Numa screamed, and sacrificed two of the flagitious villains; the others frightened, fled. But Tatius

tius was struck ; his blood ran rapidly : he had but an instant to live. Numa weeping, surveyed his wounds, rent his garment, stopped the blood ; and raising up the good king, supported him, and wished to carry him to Rome.

‘ STOP, stop, my child,’ cried Tatius,
 ‘ thy cares are useless. I feel I am going
 ‘ to die, and I return my most sincere
 ‘ thanks to the gods, for permitting me
 ‘ to heave my last sigh in thy arms. Numa,
 ‘ Romulus is the cause of my death. I re-
 ‘ collect the murderers ; they belong to the
 ‘ company of Celeres. When they struck
 ‘ me, they told me, it was the fruits of
 ‘ the peace I had procured the Romans.
 ‘ Thy love for Herfilia, and alliance with
 ‘ my assassin, prevent thee from revenging

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N

‘ my

‘ my death : I expect a far more valuable
 ‘ favour from thee.

‘ My unfortunate daughter, Numa, hath
 ‘ neither parent or supporter but thee.
 ‘ The nobility of her family, her right to
 ‘ the throne of the Sabines, would render
 ‘ her criminal in the opinion of Romulus ;
 ‘ if thou dost not protect her, she will pe-
 ‘ rish. Promise me, oh my dear son, to
 ‘ watch over my daughter, to be her pa-
 ‘ rent and supporter ; be to her as a bro-
 ‘ ther. Alas ! I hoped to have called thee
 ‘ by another name : the first moment I saw
 ‘ thee, I propos’d to give thee Tatia, to
 ‘ resign my throne to thee, and to watch
 ‘ between you both, without any other dig-
 ‘ nity than that of father. Charming
 ‘ illusion, too soon defeated, which would
 ‘ render

‘ render my death tranquil did it still allure
 ‘ me! Ah! at least refuse not my prayers,
 ‘ sympathize with an old man, who is ex-
 ‘ piring, who was thy parent and friend,
 ‘ the friend of Tullus, and of thy father.
 ‘ Numa I embrace thy knees; be my
 ‘ daughter’s vindicator; promise me to
 ‘ save her days, to watch”—

‘ I SWEAR to thee,’ interrupted Numa,
 melted into tears, ‘ and I take the manes
 ‘ of my mother, and Tullus, to bear wit-
 ‘ nefs, that I will fulfil thy first wish of
 ‘ espousing Tatia, of living, and dying
 ‘ for her, to share her dangers, and to de-
 ‘ test for ever the family of thy paricide.’

‘ I was certain,’ answerd Tatius, trans-
 ported with joy; ‘ embrace me, virtuous

‘ young man, I rely on thy faith ; I die
‘ content.’

HE spoke, pressed Numa, and expired.
Numa swooned away on his Body.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

BOOK

BOOK VII.

Numa carries back the body of Tatius to Rome.—The desperation of Tatia.—Numa will accomplish the oaths he made to the king.—Romulus forbids him.—Herfilia finds Numa; neither her prayers or tears move him.—The good king's funeral.—Death of Tatia.—Mutiny of the Sabines.—The savage persecution of Romulus.—Numa devotes himself for his people.—He is banished from Rome.—He meets Leo.

NIGHT had already expanded its dark clouds, when Numa returned to his senses. The sight of the bleeding body again filled him with horror, and
impressed

impressed him with with a recollection of his promise. Without repenting or complaining, his whole thoughts were to fulfil his duties to the good king; he quitted not his body an instant, apprehensive it might be buried; so placing it on his shoulders, he with slow steps returned towards the city. When he arrived at the first guard, he called one of the Sabine soldiers, and delivered his burthen, commanding it might be taken with great respect to Tatia's palace; and with rapid steps he preceded it, to prepare the unhappy princess for the melancholy news which awaited her.

ALAS! the affectionate Tatia, uneasy at her father's absence, seemed to foretel her misery. Alone by the glimmering light of a lamp, spinning a purple garment for the
most

most cherished of kings. An hundred times she left off her work, and sighing, counted the hours which passed since she had seen Tatius. A thousand dismal omens presented to her imagination; a secret terror benumbed her soul; the spindle escaped her hands; her pensive melancholy eyes were rivetted to the ground.

IN the instant Numa appeared before her; affliction painted on his forehead, his tears, and garment stained with blood, redoubled her consternation. She started up, trembled; but feared to interrogate him.

‘DAUGHTER of Tatius,’ said the hero in broken accents, ‘this day thou wilt need
‘all thy soul’s fortitude, all the patience,
‘to

'to which thou hast habituated thy heart.
 'I come, the harbinger of sad tidings;
 'but know that to enable us to sustain the
 'pangs of this sorrowful life, the gods
 'have endowed us with virtue and friend-
 'ship.'

JUST as he had pronounced these words,
 the Sabines arrived, bringing their king's
 body. Tatia shrieked, hurrying to her
 father, threw her arms over his body, and
 fell deprived of her senses; all eagerly en-
 deavoured to recal her to life. She opened
 her eyes, widely staring on the gaping
 wounds, unable to shed a tear: her tongue
 seemed fastened to her palate, she uttered
 not a single complaint; an unusual weight
 oppressed her bosom, she could neither
 weep nor breath.

NUMA,

NUMA, alarmed at her silent grief, desired the corps of Tatius might be removed; Tatia then heaved piercing cries, and shed a torrent of tears,

HE left the princess to the care of her women, and gave orders that the king's body might be washed in perfumed waters and laid on a bed of purple. He placed guards about the palace, and having performed these melancholy duties, prepared for the more painful task of informing Romulus he could not be his son-in-law.

OH how greatly was he agitated on his way to the king's palace! He went to lose for ever her whom he adored, her whom no one could charm but himself; he was voluntarily going to give her up, to tell her so,

to appear perfectly perfidious, to increase the mortification of the sacrifice with the shame of inconstancy: the opprobrious idea made his virtue stagger: but his virtue regained its empire. The shades of Tullus and Tatius marched at his sides; they supported him, and cried, painful as is the sacrifice, it is absolutely necessary; despair and ignominy will be the result of an alliance with the assassin of thy king, the enemy of thy family, grounded on perjury, and commenced under such tremendous omens.

At length he arrived at Romulus's palace, where he found the monarch at table, surrounded by courtiers; his black brows were contracted; uneasiness and grief were deeply impressed on his countenance, the
first

first, but just punishment of his crimes. Romulus was informed of the murder of Tatius; he dreaded being suspected; much more stung by fear than remorse, he preserved a gloomy silence, which his courtiers imitated.

HERSILIA, standing up by the king, endeavoured to dispel his grief with the soft notes of the lyre which she accompanied in singing the victory the father of the gods had gained over the Titans.

NÚMA presented himself before Romulus: he trembled; the sight of the assassinator filled him with a horror that almost overpowered him; however he exerted himself, bowing down his head as if he was the aggressor; and recollecting the re-

spect due to a king, whose crimes a subject ought not to revenge, thus addressed him :

‘ ROMULUS, the wicked have deprived
 ‘ thy colleague of existence. These eyes
 ‘ beheld Tatius fall under four assassins ; two
 ‘ of the ruffians I slew, the others escaped
 ‘ me, and perhaps will remain unpunished,
 ‘ till the gods take vengeance upon them.
 ‘ Thou knowest the ties of blood which en-
 ‘ deared me to the king of Sabinia, but per-
 ‘ hapsthou art unacquainted with the respect
 ‘ I retain for his virtues. Those two senti-
 ‘ ments enjoin great and arduous duties on
 ‘ me ; which I hope intirely to fulfil. King
 ‘ of Rome, I adore Hersilia ; deprived of her
 ‘ life is not desirable : but I promised, nay
 ‘ I swore to Tatius, when he was expiring,
 ‘ that I would marry his daughter. My vows
 ‘ I will

‘ I will accomplish. I come to return thy
‘ promise, to deny all that is valuable to
‘ me, and to request thy consent to seal my
‘ misery for ever.’

THUS spoke Numa, with his eyes rivet-
ted to the ground. Romulus astonished,
remained some moments without answer-
ing; Herfilia confounded, let fall the lyre
from her hand; and the courtiers motion-
less, waited the manifestation of Romulus’s
sentiments, to sympathize or rejoice.

At length the terrible king arose, look-
ing furiously at Numa: ‘ Young man,’
exclaimed he, ‘ I knew of the death of my
‘ colleague, and have ordered the offenders
‘ to be stopped and punished. However great
‘ thy love of Tatius, thou mightest be
certain,

' certain, a diligent king would revenge the
 ' affassinator of a king. But if I know how
 ' to punish a crime, so I know how to re-
 ' buke the ambitious. Numa, I forbid thy
 ' espousing the daughter of the king of Sa-
 ' binia; her right to the throne of her fa-
 ' ther, blended with thine, may some day
 ' prove fatal to me. I design another hus-
 ' band for her. All others but the son of
 ' Mars would be highly incensed at re-
 ' fusing their daughter; but I will consider
 ' thy youth, the immense distance which se-
 ' parates us, and above all, the recollection
 ' of the great utility thou wast to our ar-
 ' my.'

He spoke, and retired, not giving Numa
 opportunity to reply. The unhappy lover
 spoke to Herfilia, but the haughty princess
 passed

passed close by, looking on him disdainfully, without returning any answer, and proceeded to join her father, followed by all the warriors.

THE fierce and disdainful pride of Herfilia pierced Numa to the heart, but tended to soften the pangs of the grievous sacrifice. Full of indignation against Romulus, and enraged with his daughter, he resolved to spend his days in fulfilling his promise to his king. Numa, more steady and composed, returned hastily to Tatia's palace.

‘DAUGHTER of the best of monarchs,’ said he, ‘pardon me, if in the midst of affliction I speak to thee of love. Thy father

' father in the agonies of death conigned
 ' thee to my care. His noble soul was con-
 ' soled when I promised him to wed thee.
 ' Romulus prohibits me ! Romulus hath
 ' no right ; thou and I are born Sabines, we
 ' are controuled only by the king of the Sa-
 ' bines ; to obey him when alive, was our first
 ' duty ; obedience after death is a duty more
 ' sacred. I do not mean to hide from thee
 ' that I adore Herfilia : but since the death
 ' of Tatius, exile or any punishment with
 ' thee, would be preferable to a throne
 ' with the daughter of an assassin. If these
 ' sentiments unite with thy opinion, pre-
 ' pare thyself to hector with me the
 ' threats of Romulus ; make ready to see
 ' the flame of thy father's funeral pile,
 ' serve for our hymeneal torch.'

TATIA

TATIA hearkened to him with admiration mingled with affection. Tatia, who long had nourished a secret melancholy passion for the hero, blushing answered, 'he was master of her destiny.' Numa pledged his honour, more certain of himself by the threats of Romulus than by the exertion of all his efforts; he entirely devoted himself to the occupation of the good king's funeral.

AURORA scarcely dawned, when Numa resolved to depart with a body of Sabines to the high mountains, there to cut trees for the funeral pile. His sufferings were mitigated by his pious attentions, which he entrusted not to any person. At the moment of his departure Herfilia pre-

sented herself to him, and requested a secret conversation.

It is no longer the haughty amazon, whose disdainful looks confused her beauty; it is not the heroine, whose unconquerable arm caused the fall of so many enemies; it is a despairing lover, whose cheeks are inflamed by the tears which she hath shed; whose eyes, fatigued with weeping, still shine through the cloud which covers them; her hair dishevelled, her apparel disordered; anguish, which tarnishes her features, gives her, at the same time, a more animating grace.

‘NUMA,’ says Herfilia, ‘thou perceivest what love hath reduced me to: I sought thee in thy palace; the suppliant
Herfilia

‘ Hestilia perhaps comes to expose herself
 ‘ to a refusal. Oh ! wast thou acquainted
 ‘ with my spirit, thou wouldst judge how
 ‘ dear thou art to me, thou wouldst learn—
 ‘ But thou too well knowest, ungrate-
 ‘ ful man ; I will spare myself the humili-
 ‘ ation of telling thee, perhaps in vain ;
 ‘ without thinking of myself I will only
 ‘ converse of thee.

‘ I KNOW thee Numa, and am per-
 ‘ suaded the prohibition of my father will
 ‘ urge thee to marry the daughter of Ta-
 ‘ tius ; but thou art not acquainted with
 ‘ my father, if thou dost imagine he will
 ‘ pardon thee. Rest assured, the moment
 ‘ thou dost dare to brave the orders of Ro-
 ‘ mulus, thy head will fall under the
 ‘ hatchets of the lictors. This dread will

' certainly not detain thee ; thou wilt not
 ' perish alone, the blood of Tatia will flow
 ' with thine. Think it is Tatius, whose
 ' memory is so dear to thee, on his knees,
 ' requesting thee to save his daughter's days.
 ' When he made thee promise to marry her,
 ' he thought to give her a protector to wrest
 ' her from all dangers ; but if thy marriage
 ' causes her death, if thy fidelity is detri-
 ' mental to her, thou first disobeyest the in-
 ' tentions of her father, and committest a
 ' crime repugnant to Tatius's will.

' I S P E A K not of myself, ungrateful
 ' being, who thought myself esteemed ;
 ' of me for whom thou hast lost so much
 ' blood. Alas ! less happy, not any thing
 ' have I done for Numa, but he has so
 ' many rights to my acknowledgments. I
 ' look

' look on his peculiar favours, as eternal
 ' pledges, which ought to endear him to
 ' me. Yes, Numa, for Hersilia thou be-
 ' camest a hero, to her thou gavest the ce-
 ' lestial buckler which rendered her uncon-
 ' querable; thou didst prolong her days,
 ' by throwing thyself before Leo's arrow.
 ' To thee I owe my life and glory, and
 ' thou wilt abandon me after imposing
 ' the duty and obligation of adoring thee!
 ' Why didst thou prolong my days? Why
 ' didst thou appear to me the most noble
 ' and amiable of heroes? Answer me?
 ' Did I ever displease thee? Hast thou
 ' any reproaches to make me? Have I not
 ' been sufficiently expressive of my love?
 ' Oh! pardon the daughter of Romulus,
 ' who never stooped her eyes towards the
 ' kings who adored her. Pardon her for
 ' having

' having concealed the first fire which in-
 ' flamed her. Begone, I have suffered more
 ' than thou; the non-compliance with my
 ' heart's desire has sufficiently punished my
 ' pride; observe what that pride has arrived
 ' at; behold me at thy feet, weeping on
 ' my knees. Numa, stoop thine eyes; re-
 ' ward Herfilia; darest thou to complain of
 ' her haughtiness!'

NUMA, with difficulty able to breathe,
 feared to look at Herfilia. The sound of
 her voice had quite enervated him. Numa,
 at his feet, beheld her whom he
 esteemed far more than life, repeating that
 he alone was the object of her adoration.
 In comparison as she spoke, the resolutions
 of the hero by degrees evaporated; as snow,
 which covers the tops of high mountains,
 melts

melts and disappears in proportion as the sun illuminates the summit. Numa, the considerate Numa, began to taste the force of Herfilia's argument. His heart, inflamed with love, melted, pierced to the soul with the princess's last words, would probably have yielded, had not the ancient Metius, general of the Sabines, arrived in the instant, and interrupted the dangerous conversation.

‘SON of Pompilius,’ cried he, with a melancholy and severe look, ‘our afflicted Sabines are enquiring for thee; the people who have irretrievably lost their father, impatiently wait to behold the inheritor of his virtues. Come, prince, hasten to alleviate their sufferings, by promising to
‘support

‘ support and protect the worthy daughter
 ‘ of the best of kings.’

IMMEDIATELY the cries and groans of the people were heard from the gates of the palace. The name of Numa distinguished itself amidst their mournful cries. Let the virtuous Numa come! exclaimed they, our hero, friend, the only prince which remains the sole hope of a disconsolate people! Hasten Numa! oh hasten to instruct us of the last wishes of the good king! Thou shalt see us die, to adhere to them.

THIS address, cries, and appearance of Metius bathed in tears, the garment of Numa still stained with the blood of Tati-us, all crying for vengeance, brought Numa to his recollection at the moment he was
 going

going to bury the sentiments of a hero in oblivion. 'Herfilia!' said Numa, 'I adore thee; thou art an hundred times dearer to me than life: but my duty is dearer still. The gods, whose eyes are continually on me; the people, to whom I must shew the example; my heart, which I cannot deceive; all enjoin the command of accomplishing the terrible promise I made. I took my mother's shade to witness: let the consequence be ever so grievous, the sacrifice shall be consummated. I feel I shall die; but——'

'No, thou barbarous man! No, thou shalt not die,' interrupted Herfilia, in a tone full of indignation; 'I will turn my father's wrath on another; I will point out the victim he shall smite; thou, thou shalt live; thou shalt live to endure a long

' ger punishment of thy crimes, that I may
 ' find time and method to satisfy my anger.
 ' Thou treacherous man, thou darest not for-
 ' feit the promises Tattius exacted from thee.
 ' Dost thou not think any thing of all thou
 ' said'st to me ? Did I ever request it, un-
 ' grateful being, who, under the mask of
 ' virtue secreted the design of making thy-
 ' self king of the Sabines, and to force my
 ' father's throne from him ? Tremble at
 ' the lot which awaits thee ; tremble at the
 ' disasters thou hast brought on thyself :
 ' do not flatter thyself with an idea of
 ' escaping ; the name of Romulus will cre-
 ' ate thee enemies whithersoever thou goest.
 ' Persecuted, banished, a wanderer, thou
 ' wilt scatter thy false virtue, and adversity,
 ' amidst the Italians. A prey to devouring
 ' remorse, for having caused the death of
 ' thy

‘ thy wife, and abandoned thy mistress, thou
 ‘ wilt every instant lament thy inconstancy ;
 ‘ thou wilt regret Herfilia ; thou wilt stretch
 ‘ out thy supplicating hand towards her, but
 ‘ Herfilia will be doubly incited to perse-
 ‘ cute thee. As long as she has a breath of life
 ‘ remaining, she will pursue thee, with invin-
 ‘ cible hatred ; and if thou abandonest her
 ‘ to death, her ghost shall join the cruel fu-
 ‘ ries, to add to the horror of thy torments.’

SHE then quitted Numa, who, abashed
 by her passion, dared not look at Metius,
 but ran to console the Sabines. Greatly
 alarmed at the threats of Herfilia, and fear-
 ing an offence on the side of Romulus, he
 ordered the old general to watch with guards
 the palace of Tatius. He with a body of
 soldiers departed, to strip the mountains of
 Q 2 their

their pine trees, consecrated to Cybele; ash trees, which, made into darts, drinketh the blood of mortals; high poplars, and odoriferous larch trees. All echoed to the strokes of the hatchet. The melancholy cypress rolled in the valley; the alders cherished by Neptune, the beeches esteemed by shepherds, descended with a great crash. Despoiled of their green branches, their knotty trunks were rolled towards the border of the Tiber, where, not far from the city, was erected a funeral pile to burn the body of Tatius.

THE next day the body, cloathed in royal purple, was brought by the principal of the Sabines; a thousand young warriors preceded it; they advanced with their arms reversed, their heads bowed down, keep-
ing

ing time with the mournful sound of a shrill trumpet. The inconsolable Tatia, covered with funeral veils, crowned with cypress, strewing the coffin with flowers wet with her tears. Numa clad in mourning like her, supported her tottering steps, weeping, endeavouring to console her, watching her despair. The whole country re-echoed with the lamentations of the Sabines, who crouded around.

THE ancient Metius, who had for sixty years been the friend and companion of his king, smote his breast, and tore his hair.---

‘ Oh my master,’ exclaimed he, ‘ hath cruel
 ‘ fate saved me to behold thee descend to the
 ‘ grave, to lose at once my friend, father,
 ‘ and king ! Oh Tatius ! Tatius ! thou who
 ‘ in my youth I so frequently observed en-
 ‘ counter

' counter death ; thou who I have so of-
 ' ten beheld furrounded by enemies, and al-
 ' ways acquitted thyself with glory. Is it in
 ' the middle of thy children that the parri-
 ' cides struck thee ? Thy heart, ever open for
 ' the reception of the unhappy, was pierced
 ' by ungrateful people—and the gods not
 ' to assist thee —The gods have suffered the
 ' image of their goodness to perish ! Oh
 ' Tatius ! Tatius ! I am the least to be
 ' pitied, for I sincerely hope not to survive
 ' thee long.'

SUC H were the lamentations of Metius ;
 all who stopped to hear them, answered by
 their sobs and bitter groans.

AT length the body was placed on the
 pile ; victims were sacrificed, Numa threw
 ' on

on the earth two vessels of wine, two of milk, and two of blood; libations acceptable to the shades. Then loudly calling for the soul of Tatius, and turning aside, he stooped the flambeau to light the funeral pile; the fire instantly caught, blazing through the larch trees, the people redoubled their cries, the soldiers raised their bucklers; but Numa commanded silence, and looking with religious respect at Tatius's pale face, which the flames had not then touched :

‘ OH! most equitable of kings,’ cried he, ‘ in thy last moments I promised thee
 ‘ to marry thy daughter; I promised thee to
 ‘ live to love her, to protect her; I am
 ‘ now come to accomplish my vow. This
 ‘ funeral pile shall be our altar, and on this
 ‘ sacred altar, in presence of thy shade;
 ‘ before

' before these people who weep at the
 ' light of these funeral torches; un-
 ' der the eye of the divinity, formidable
 ' to perjury, I pledge my honour to Tatia.
 ' Yes, Sabines, let the god of vengeance,
 ' yourselves, all the friends of Tatius pu-
 ' nish me, if my whole life is not employed
 ' in striving to make the wife that Tatius
 ' hath endowed me with, perfectly happy!
 ' May the blood of the best of kings fall
 ' on my shoulders, if I do not seek to ac-
 ' quit myself towards his royal daughter,
 ' of all the kindness due to her father!'

HE then joined his hand to Tatia's, and
 wished to extend them towards the pile.
 Tatia could not support herself, she stag-
 gered; quite benumbed, she fell into the
 arms of Numa; a cold perspiration flowed
 from

from her forehead, unable to utter a single syllable, her purple lips dreadfully convulsed. Tatia fell on the dust, struggling and tossing; vain were her efforts; in spite of Numa's assistance and the Sabines, she shrieked and died.

WHAT less than marble must that heart compose, who could be witness to such a sight without being grievously afflicted! The very idea makes shuddering horror thrill through every vein! The marks of poison were evident; the report was spread; a confused murmuring resounded, resembling a tempestuous wind when it begins to agitate the sea. The soldiers and citizens looked at each other; indignation sat on their countenances; their hearts were inflamed with passion; the names of Hersilia and

Romulus were pronounced with imprecations. A general cry was heard; all the Sabines crouded about Numa; 'Revenge ourselves! cried they; revenge Tatius and
 'his daughter, whose deaths have been
 'occasioned by Romulus! Conduct us a-
 'gainst the savage king; nature and reli-
 'gion prompt us! Let us march towards
 'Rome! Demolish the impious city, ever
 'so fatal to the Sabines!'

NUMA, the virtuous Numa, surrounded, crouded by despairing people, excited by the extraordinary death of Tatia, his panting heart yielded to their intreaties; carried away with the horror such a crime must inspire in every soul of sensibility, he entirely forgot that kings should be punished only by the gods. Is it astonish-
 ing

ing in such a moment prudence should be lost? In his first transports he was not master of himself; he marched at the head of the injured Sabines towards Rome.

ROMULUS foresaw the storm. Being informed, that in spite of his prohibition, Numa was absolutely determined to fulfil his oaths; roused by the cruel Herfilia; inclined to resent the injury done to his daughter and his slighted authority, he caused a poison to be infused in the nourishment which the daughter of Tatius had taken. Thus crimes beget crimes; the first transgression always leads to a greater. Romulus apprehended an insurrection, and to secure Rome, would not be present at the funeral. He ordered the gates to be shut, and the walls lined with soldiers; he seized

the women, children, and ancient Sabines, who could not follow their king's body, and placed them on the walls to cover his soldiers, and to soften the seditious.

THEY advanced, fury was their guide, and, brandishing their javelins, vengeance the general cry! They stopped, seized with a violent tremor at beholding their old men, their mothers and children, whom they must inevitably pierce with their arrows, before they could strike a soldier belonging to the king of Rome. A dead silence succeeded their cries; they gazed at each other, and remained motionless; the uplifted weapons fell from their hands.

THIS moment brought Numa to his recollection. Perceiving the extent of
his

his enterprize would occasion, he trembled at the dangers he exposed the good people to, and diving quickly into the ranks, ‘ My friends !’ exclaimed he, ‘ banish the idea of revenge, it will be too afflicting to our hearts. Save your fathers and children ; that duty is far more sacred than revenging your king. What ! will ye become paricides for the love of Tatius ? What ! will you suffer the old men, and tender mothers to be the victims, that you will send him into hell. Ah ! ye who knew him, judge if his ghost will be consoled. Oh Sabines ! Sabines ! in every other situation it would be glory to conquer, but in the present to be conquered.

‘ METIUS take a branch of olives, go and find the king of Rome, tell him thou art
‘ come

' come to inform him of the submission of
 ' the Sabines; that they are ready to deli-
 ' ver their hostages, to acknowledge him
 ' for their only sovereign, provided he
 ' will be so gracious as to promise us par-
 ' don; the crimes of you all I take on myself;
 ' I alone except the amnesty. Begone, run,
 ' lose not a moment, sign the peace; if
 ' necessary, promise my head. It is sweet to
 ' perish for the salvation of our people!

THUS spoke Numa. Metius would
 have replied, but the hero refused to hear
 him, anxious to hurry him toward the walls
 of Rome. Metius marched, the gates were
 opened; he quickly returned, proclaiming
 peace and forgiveness, provided Numa
 would instantly fly from Romulus's king-
 dom. At this speech the Sabines murmured,
 greatly

greatly inclined to retake their arms. But Numa appeased them, entreating and ordering them to submit, representing the horrible disasters he alone should occasion; he threatened to sacrifice himself in presence of them all, if they did not accept of the peace, and immediately removing with Metius, he embraced him, saying:

‘ My worthy friend, dry up thy tears :
 ‘ the exile which saves my nation is neces-
 ‘ sary for my peace of mind. Could I ever
 ‘ again look at Romulus ? Could I support
 ‘ the presence of Herfilia, whose fury no
 ‘ doubt was necessary to the last crime ; We
 ‘ tremble to repeat ! Ah ! Metius, my
 ‘ heart is cured of a fatal passion which
 ‘ would poison my life : how long will
 ‘ the

' the wound remain green, how often will it
 ' bleed ! The greatest evils, my friend, the
 ' most susceptible, are when we are obliged
 ' to blush at sentiments that were most dear
 ' to us. Forgive my tears which rapidly
 ' flow ; they are the last I shall bestow on
 ' love ; all the rest are due to repentance. I
 ' charge thee, my dear Metius, to collect the
 ' ashes of the best of kings, and of his un-
 ' happy daughter : they ought to rest to-
 ' gether on my mother's tomb, at the side
 ' of Tullus. Promise me to carry them
 ' thyself ; entrust not any person with
 ' the care that Numa so much envies thee.
 ' Farewel, my respectable friend ! May the
 ' immortals prolong thy old age ! Reflect
 ' that our Sabines have no one but thee ;
 ' their good king is no more, Tatia hath
 ' just expired, Numa is going to live re-
 ' mote

‘mote from them; and Metius ought to
 ‘mitigate their loss; to thee I recommend
 ‘them, flattering myself with the pleasing
 ‘hopes of returning thee my most sincere
 ‘thanks for thy kindness to them.’

IN vain did Metius endeavour to follow
 his steps, and share his fortune. ‘Recollect
 these people,’ replied the hero, ‘these peo-
 ‘ple who always are neglected.’ He then
 departed, and with rapid steps marched
 towards the country of the Marfes.

IT was this road, a few months before,
 the brilliant Numa, arrayed in splendid
 armour, passed at the head of the Sabines,
 intoxicated with love, impatient to be a
 hero, not doubting but glory would lead
 him to the summit of his happiness. That
 glory he arrived at; he repassed the same

spot without a retinue, banished, oppressed with grief, evading the king he had served, blushing for her he so much adored, and necessitated to request an asylum of those whom he conquered.

HE soon left the territories belonging to Romulus, when he seemed relieved of a terrible heavy weight. He arrived at the environs of Vitellia, and entered a valley, where flowed a limpid stream, edged with willows and poplars. Numa followed the current of the brook; when at the foot of a hill he discovered a deep cave.

ATTRACTED by the murmuring of the spring, which formed the tranquil brook, he looked into the cave. What was his surprise at finding a young warrior covered with a lion's skin sleeping on his club! Numa faced him

him, recollected him : it was the courageous Leo, he whom he was going to seek in the country of the Marfes, he whose bravery he had experienced, and whose affections he ought to experience.

LEO awoke, perceived Numa, and flew on his bosom. With tenderness did the two heroes clasp each other. ‘Oh my friend!’ exclaimed they together, ‘I was going to seek thee.’ ‘Thou wast coming to Rome?’ interrupted Numa. ‘Yes,’ replied Leo, with an air of frankness and joy; ‘I am banished; I no longer have an asylum, I was going to solicit one of my conqueror.’

‘Ah! talk not of conquering,’ cried Numa, ‘let love be the topic of our conversation.’

' sation. Dame fortune seems willing to
 ' bind our friendship, by ordaining us to
 ' suffer similar afflictions. I, like thee,
 ' am banished, and was going to require a
 ' place of refuge. Thou dost recollect what
 ' I did for the barbarous Romulus; I alone
 ' saved him and his army: to reward my
 ' services he has had murdered my parent
 ' and king; the daughter of Tatius hath
 ' been poisoned; and, if I dared appear in
 ' Rome, I must overflow it in blood, or
 ' present my head to be severed by the
 ' lictors. This, my friend, is the justice
 ' of kings, this is the way they requite
 ' services.'

' NUMA,' replied Leo, ' I have served
 ' the republicans; thou hast seen me fight
 ' for them, and probably thou hast not
 ' oblite-

‘obliterated the conflagration of the Ro-
 ‘man camp, and the taking of the town
 ‘of Auxence. The Marfes only recollected
 ‘the journey to Mount Trebanian. When
 ‘the peace was figned, and the army re-
 ‘turned to their domeftic comforts, the
 ‘fpirited fenate, who gave me the com-
 ‘mand, made me appear to give an ac-
 ‘count of my conduct. With ignominy
 ‘they displaced the ancient Sophanor :
 ‘they drove me out of their country and
 ‘exposed me to the manœuvre of Romulus,
 ‘to engage the army in the fnare that thou
 ‘laid’ft. This, friend, is the juftice of re-
 ‘publicans, or rather fuch is the juftice of
 ‘men ; they are all ungrateful, unworthy
 ‘of love. Nevertheless, to pleafe the gods
 ‘and fatisfy our hearts, they muft be ferv-
 ‘ed.’

THE

‘THE task we have fulfilled,’ cried Numa; ‘we have spilled our blood for our country. She rejects us, and gives us back the right of living for ourselves. Come, Leo, come with me into a desert of the Apennines; with our hands will we grub it, we will cultivate the ground, much more grateful than man; we will live distant from them, and affection will insure us the the sole pleasures worthy of noble souls!’

A CELESTIAL fire beamed on his eyes. Leo threw himself round Numa’s neck, saying, ‘Yes, follow thee I will;’ and weeping for joy, swore that he never would quit him, that his heart, and life was wholly his. ‘Love,’ continued he, ‘hath too long filled my days with bitterness,

‘ness,

‘ness, it is now time to live for friend-
‘ship.’

‘OH Heavens!’ cried Numa, ‘thou
‘talkest of love! Art thou acquainted
‘with its pangs? Is there no mortal whose
‘days that terrible god has not avoided
‘troubling? Listen to the uneasiness he
‘hath allotted me, and deign to inform me,
‘in thy turn, of all thy misery, without
‘which confidence I feel I cannot live.’

THE brave Leo listened attentively.
Numa informed him of every circumstance
which occurred, from his birth to the pre-
sent instant.

THE recital, in which candour and mo-
desty presided, greatly delighted the sensi-
ble

ble Leo, and doubly endeared him to the worthy friend his heart had made choice of. He wept at the death of Tullus, and that of the good king of Sabinia, detesting the savage Romulus, he congratulated Numa in having been able to surmount his passion for the culpable Herfilia.

‘FRIEND,’ exclaimed he, ‘the sacrifice was grievous; thou wast obliged to chuse between love and virtue; thou preferred virtue; here thou art a wanderer, a fugitive, without any asylum; still dragging the dart that tore thy heart. If, forgetting thy oath, if, trampling on the dust of Tatius, thou hadst married Herfilia; when seated on the throne, with the object of thy love, would not remorse

' remorse have taken possession of thy
 ' heart? Son-in-law to Romulus, the inhe-
 ' ritor of his power, the possessor of the mis-
 ' tress thou adored'st; would'st thou not be
 ' more wretched, more tormented than
 ' Numa, virtuous and banished? Numa,
 ' Numa, I myself have experienced it; hea-
 ' ven, which created us to love each other,
 ' seems to have endowed us with the same
 ' similarity in our misfortunes that he has
 ' in our souls: I have sacrificed every thing
 ' to the accomplishment of my duty. I have
 ' no doubt lost a great deal, yet all re-
 ' united, is not equal to the tranquility
 ' of mind which is ever with me. My
 ' heart is as pure as that spring of living wa-
 ' ter: this is the first method of being happy;
 ' the second is that of having a true friend,
 ' which from this day I shall experience.

143 NUMA POMPILIUS. [Book VIII.]

‘ Harken to the relation of my adventures.
‘ May they inspire thee with that tender
‘ interest in my behalf, which I experi-
‘ enced in listening to thine !’ Numa again
embraced his worthy friend, and the
Marfyan hero thus began his history.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

BOOK

BOOK VIII.

Leo relates the history of his infancy to Numa.

His tenderness for his mother Myrtale—

His love for Camilla—The sacrifice of his

passions—What Myrtale informed him

on her death bed.—Numa will follow

Leo into his ancient cottage—They stray

about the Apennines—Numa meets an old

man and his daughter.—He sees them ador-

ing fire.

‘ I WAS born in the country of the
 ‘ Marfes, in the Apennine moun-
 ‘ tains. My mother, poor and infirm, had
 ‘ no other substance than a flock, a cottage,

T 2

and

‘ and a garden. Her name was Myrtale ;
 ‘ her husband died a few months after my
 ‘ birth. Her affections for me, were such as
 ‘ a mother only is susceptible of.

‘ I N my infancy, clad in a wolf’s skin,
 ‘ which Myrtale fitted to my shape, armed
 ‘ with a small dart, which I could just balance,
 ‘ I watched my mother’s flock, always fol-
 ‘ lowed by two courageous dogs, ready to
 ‘ defend the sheep and the shepherd. I feared
 ‘ not the savage beasts ; on the contrary, I
 ‘ wished to exercise my young courage in
 ‘ defiance of them. I climbed the most steep
 ‘ rocks, I swam across the most rapid
 ‘ streams, to intercept the young shammoyes,
 ‘ and steal from the tops of the pine-trees,
 ‘ the tender ring-doves in their nests. It was
 ‘ for my mother ; which idea rendered every
 ‘ thing

‘ thing perfectly easy to me : and when I ima-
 ‘ gined such delicate food could prolong her
 ‘ days, or strengthen her constitution, I was
 ‘ far more happy at having procured pige-
 ‘ ons than a king is at gaining provinces.

‘ IN the evening I reconducted the sheep
 ‘ to our cottage ; my heart palpitating with
 ‘ joy ; at a distance shewing the doves or
 ‘ fawns I carried in triumph ; my mother
 ‘ tenderly reproaching me, embracing, and
 ‘ threatening that she never would let me be
 ‘ absent from her ; sometimes refusing my
 ‘ gifts, or making me repeat an hundred
 ‘ times that I never more would expose
 ‘ my life.’

‘ MY dear child,’ she would say, ‘ can-
 ‘ not I follow thee to the mountains ?
 ‘ I should not fear any danger I shared
 ‘ with

' with thee ; but weak, languishing, enchain-
 ' ed by misery, in this cottage, which I find
 ' so large when thou art absent, my heart
 ' and thoughts fly after thee ; judge then of
 ' my anxieties. One moment I think I
 ' see thee suspended on the sharp ridge of a
 ' pine, the whole tree seemingly too weak
 ' to support thee ; then I behold thee leap-
 ' ing a stream ; thy foot slipping against a
 ' polished stone, extending thy arms, and
 ' the foaming wave absorbing thee. Oh
 ' my dear son ! content thyself with taking
 ' care of our flock ; the milk of our ewes
 ' and the vegetation of our garden are suffi-
 ' cient for our nourishment. Deprive not
 ' the hinds and turtle-doves of their che-
 ' rished young, lest the wild boars, and sa-
 ' vage bears, should in their turn deprive
 ' me of mine. Ah ! do at least promise me
 ' never to enter the caverns, where those
 ' cruel

‘cruel beasts conceal their offspring. Swear
 ‘to me, my dear Leo, if not for thy own
 ‘sake, for the consolation of thy mother.
 ‘Know that I only live for my son; know
 ‘that the day thou omittest to return at thy
 ‘accustomed hour, thou wilt find thy mo-
 ‘ther expiring with grief.’

‘Thus spoke Myrtale. I encouraged and
 ‘caressed her, promising to avoid the dangers
 ‘she so much feared. She then pressed me to
 ‘her bosom, and requested a recital of all
 ‘that passed in my journey: she, in her turn,
 ‘while preparing our supper, related to me
 ‘the history of her infancy. The evening
 ‘imperceptibly glided away when occupied
 ‘in so sweet a conversation. My tender mo-
 ‘ther, before she retired to rest, prepared my
 ‘provisions for the ensuing day, desired me
 ‘to be prudent, embraced me a thousand
 ‘times

‘ times, and careſſing my two faithful dogs,
 ‘ recommended them to watch and defend
 ‘ their maſter.

‘ THE ruſtic life I led, ſoon unfolded my
 ‘ energy. At the period which is called
 ‘ childhood, I was tall and robuſt. At fifteen
 ‘ I neither feared the bears or wild boars;
 ‘ my dart was ſtained with their blood, but
 ‘ that I concealed from Myrtale. My dogs,
 ‘ who protected my infancy, were become
 ‘ old and enervated, ſo that I in my turn
 ‘ took care of them. Tranquil, happy in
 ‘ guarding my flock, I played on my flute,
 ‘ or purſued the inhabitants of the foreſt. I
 ‘ had no deſire for any thing, my mother
 ‘ alone I loved. The only tendency I had to
 ‘ uneaſineſs was ſeeing each year, each day,
 ‘ affect my mother’s tottering conſtitution.’

As

' As I was one day sitting on the summit
 ' of a rock, near a tremendous fall of water,
 ' on a sudden I perceived a deer wounded by
 ' an arrow, whose blood was flowing as she
 ' ran. She leaped into the foaming stream,
 ' formed by the roaring cascade. Soon after
 ' appeared a young amazon, covered with a
 ' lion's skin, her quiver on her shoulder, and
 ' in her hand a bow, spurring an elegant
 ' steed, which was flying after the wounded
 ' stag. Diana alone equalled her in beauty ;
 ' courage and ardour sparkled in her eyes.
 ' While I, seized with admiration, was look-
 ' ing at her, scarcely able to breathe, I saw
 ' her passionate steed dart into the stream, the
 ' rapidity of which carried him away. In vain
 ' she strove to bring him back to the other
 ' side, the foaming surges opposed her: soon
 ' her steed escaped from under her, and was

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' hurried

hurried away with the torrent; in a moment too the beautiful nymph disappeared from my sight. I plunged into the middle of the waves. Long time I swam without finding her whom I wished to save; at length my hand seized her long hair, and I brought her back to the shore, deprived of her senses. Despairing of their return, I carried her to our cottage, where, by the care and attention of my mother, she was recalled to life. Alas! her fine blue eyes, full of softness, kindled a flame in my bosom no time can extinguish. I dared to contemplate that celestial beauty, whose paleness rendered her still more affecting; I felt a general agitation, a trouble that was totally unknown to me before. In spite of that trouble, I could not cease to look at her, neither could I remove from her, and when the power of articulation re-

turned

‘ turned that she thanked me, I blushed, I
‘ stammered. She asked my name, my mo-
‘ ther was obliged to answer.

‘ THE beautiful amazon, after dedicat-
‘ ing some hours to rest, prepared to quit
‘ our habitation without informing us who
‘ she was. She offered gold to my mother :
‘ which offer afflicted us. As soon as she
‘ perceived that, she withdrew it, and taking
‘ off a precious chain which she wore round
‘ her neck, fixed it on Myrtale. Then look-
‘ ing gracefully at me, she stript off a lion’s
‘ skin which she wore over a purple robe,
‘ and presenting it to me, said, ‘ Alcides
‘ the great wore it, he gave it my grand-fa-
‘ ther, as an acknowledgement for the hos-
‘ pitality which he received. I make the
‘ same use of it as Hercules, I give it to the

‘ saviour of my days : if I may believe my
 ‘ foreboding, this terrible skin, which co-
 ‘ vered the son of Jupiter, will not pass
 ‘ into hands unworthy of possessing it.’

‘ SHE embraced my mother, and casting
 ‘ a mild and timid look at me, at the same
 ‘ time forbidding me to follow her steps,
 ‘ precipitately absented herself.

‘ MY mother and I gazed at each other.
 ‘ The situation in which we beheld the stran-
 ‘ ger could alone persuade us she was not
 ‘ a divinity. Motionless with surprise and
 ‘ admiration, I contemplated the lion’s skin
 ‘ which was soaked in the stream ; the idea
 ‘ of its having belonged to a demi-god ren-
 ‘ dered it less valuable to me than viewing
 ‘ it on the amazon’s shoulders. Her features
 ‘ and

‘ and actions were engraven on my heart ;
 ‘ her words resounded in my ears ; for the
 ‘ first time in my life was my mind absent,
 ‘ pensive, when hearkening to my mother ;
 ‘ I concealed from her the sensations which
 ‘ already filled my heart.

‘ THE next morning, at break of day,
 ‘ I went with my flock to the rock of
 ‘ the cascade. I put on the lion’s skin :
 ‘ the moment it touched my heart, I felt
 ‘ new strength actuate my whole body,
 ‘ and invincible courage, but above all
 ‘ a devouring fire. Its ardour seemed to
 ‘ encrease when I arrived at the same
 ‘ spot where I beheld the beautiful ama-
 ‘ zon. I descended to the edge of the
 ‘ stream ; I sought the very spot where I
 ‘ saved

' saved her ; I pleased myself by sitting on
 ' the same turf where I placed her when
 ' she swooned. Deeply did I sigh, quite
 ' agitated ; I gazed around ! Alas the moun-
 ' tains, the cascade, that beautiful spectacle,
 ' which at other times ravished me, did not
 ' even attract my eye ; the rocks appear-
 ' ed deserted, solitude horrible, my flock
 ' no longer interested me, my flute was
 ' troublesome, my dart forgotten ; yet I
 ' could not quit the place which became
 ' dear to my melancholy.

' WHEN I returned to my mother, I
 ' enjoyed not that sweet tranquility I used
 ' to experience when with her. The hours
 ' which I passed in her cottage seemed te-
 ' dious ; with pain did I return answers to
 ' her questions ; a thousand subterfuges
 ' did

‘ did I make use of to induce her to converse
 ‘ of our unknown friend, for I dared not
 ‘ speak of her myself. The chain which
 ‘ Myrtale wore round her neck, incessantly
 ‘ attracted my sight ; and very frequently I
 ‘ embraced my mother, in order to steal
 ‘ a kiss of the chain.

‘ THREE days had elapsed ; each morn-
 ‘ ing, at the dawn, I revisited the cascade ;
 ‘ I waited until the setting of the sun with
 ‘ my eyes fixed towards that part of the
 ‘ mountain where I first beheld the amazon.
 ‘ The fourth day at length arrived ; I again
 ‘ beheld her. She was armed the same,
 ‘ mounted on a steed, with a waving golden
 ‘ mane. When she perceived me on the
 ‘ rock, she was covered with blushes.’

‘ I SOON

‘ I soon advanced towards her : she leaped
 ‘ from her steed, fastened it to a tree, and
 ‘ seating herself on a rock, invited me to
 ‘ sit by her. ‘ Brave shepherd,’ said she,
 ‘ I was prepossessed with the idea of find-
 ‘ ing thee here, and for that reason I came :
 ‘ thou didst save my days, thine will I
 ‘ make happy ; this motive led me here ;
 ‘ speak to me with candour. What wantest
 ‘ thou to make thee perfectly happy ? What
 ‘ lacketh thy mother ? Know that my gra-
 ‘ titude is unbounded, and that my power
 ‘ almost equals my gratitude.

‘ I ANSWERED, stooping my eyes, Oh !
 ‘ thou whom I know not how to address ;
 ‘ thou who inspiredst me with respect, such
 ‘ as I only felt for the gods ; thou hast
 ‘ deigned to give a shepherd place in thy
 ‘ thoughts !

' thoughts ! Thou hast deigned to return
 ' to see him ! Ah that goodness far exceeds
 ' what I have done for thee ! From this
 ' moment it is I who am indebted to thee.
 ' Thou askest what is requisite to make me
 ' happy ; before I beheld thee I want-
 ' ed not any thing. My mother and self
 ' are rich ; we have a cottage, which de-
 ' fends us from the inclemency of the wea-
 ' ther ; a garden, which nourishes us ; a
 ' flock, which cloathes us : and I fre-
 ' quently carry the superfluous wool to the
 ' adjoining village ; sell some lambs when
 ' too many for our flock, and return the
 ' pieces of silver to my mother, uselefs to
 ' us ; but we find an inexpressible joy in
 ' dividing it among the poor old men, who
 ' sometimes come to implore our charity.
 ' Thou hast but one method of making my

‘ days more happy, which is that thou hast
 ‘ taken this day ; for this is the most pleas-
 ‘ ant day of my life.

‘ THE amazon smiled in listening to me ;
 ‘ Ah well !’ answered she, ‘ since my presence
 ‘ alone is necessary, I will sometimes come
 ‘ to see thee ; gratitude obliges me ; I will
 ‘ not reveal to thee who I am ; content
 ‘ thyself with knowing that I call myself
 ‘ Camilla ; and, whatever may be the mys-
 ‘ tery of my nativity, know that it is pleas-
 ‘ ing to Camilla to owe her life to Leo.’

‘ AFTER speaking the above, in a
 ‘ compassionate tone of voice, she got up,
 ‘ released her steed from its former situa-
 ‘ tion, sprang on his back, looked at me,
 ‘ and disappeared.

‘ I RE-

‘ I REMAINED infatuated with joy. The
 ‘ striking interest with which she marked
 ‘ me, the glance she gave me on her de-
 ‘ parture, her promise to return, trans-
 ‘ ported and inflamed my heart. I repeat-
 ‘ ed the name of Camilla, and prepared
 ‘ to teach it to all the echo’s of the moun-
 ‘ tains ; I would engrave it on the bark of
 ‘ every tree : Camilla alone filled my heart ;
 ‘ Camilla alone I beheld in the universe.

‘ FROM this moment I chased dull
 ‘ melancholy ; the desarts to me appeared
 ‘ enchanted land ; the rocks, the trees,
 ‘ the cascade, all appeared to my sight
 ‘ with new charms, all embellished my
 ‘ love ; it seemed as if nature had assem-
 ‘ bled all her beauties in this charming
 ‘ solitude ; I feared they would be disputed

' me ; I wished to prevent all human na-
 ' ture from sharing its pleasures. My
 ' cottage seemed more chearful, I rejoined
 ' my mother with more heartfelt satisfac-
 ' tion, than I ever before experienced ;
 ' we embraced more frequently, our con-
 ' versations were more amiable, more af-
 ' fectionate.

' CAMILLA kept her word ; she return-
 ' ed two days after. Oh how rapid did the
 ' moments pass while she was with me ! A
 ' thousand times the vows of love were
 ' ready to escape, but expired on my lips.
 ' Whenever I looked on Camilla, I was
 ' on the verge of speaking ; but when Ca-
 ' milla looked at me, respect clapped
 ' chains on my tongue.

' SHORTLY

‘ SHORTLY Camilla visited the castle every day. Without ever having declared my passion to her, without her uttering a syllable that she loved me, our discourse was always that of two lovers; always before we parted we fixed the time for our next meeting, and we were both sure to arrive before the appointed moment. With what joy did we meet! With what pleasure did we relate our thoughts! Camilla conversed of me alone; I talked only of Camilla. Our conversation was always on the same delightful topic, though to us it ever appeared varied.

‘ CAMILLA hid but one secret from Leo, which was that of her birth. ‘ What signifies my rank,’ exclaimed she, ‘ provided

‘ provided thou art well acquainted with
 ‘ my heart? provided that affectionate
 ‘ heart possesses no other sentiments but
 ‘ what concerns thee?’

‘ THE amiable Camilla employed her-
 ‘ self in polishing and cultivating my mind;
 ‘ she was well educated, she instructed me.
 ‘ She related to me the history of Janus;
 ‘ the expedition of the Argonauts, the
 ‘ Siege of Thebes and Troy; she taught
 ‘ me Hesiod and Homer’s verses. I re-
 ‘ tained her lessons so well, all which es-
 ‘ caped her lips were engraven on my soul.
 ‘ I could not obliterate what Camilla once
 ‘ told me. What charms I experienced in
 ‘ attending to her! How greatly did I feel
 ‘ myself inflamed at the recital of Achilles’s
 ‘ achievements! And when Homer describ-
 ‘ ed

‘ed Venus, I thought Camilla more
‘handsome.

‘THUS my life glided away; all the
‘days in love, the nights in filial tender-
‘ness; my passion for Camilla far from
‘diminishing my affections for Myrtale,
‘redoubled their ardour. My heart was
‘not divided between my mother and lo-
‘ver, each wholly possessed it. It is cer-
‘tainly a benefaction of the immortals,
‘that the most violent love, when virtuous,
‘tends to the enlivening the virtue of our
‘souls.

‘MY felicity was not of long duration,
‘a whole day passed without Camilla
‘making her appearance. The next day,
‘half dead with uneasiness, I groaning,
‘waited

'waited till she presented herself to my
 'fight; she came quite pale. 'My friend,'
 'cried she, drawing nearer, 'our happiness
 'is at an end; with our tears shall we pay
 'the short moments it hath to last. 'Till
 'now I concealed from thee who I was,
 'apprehensive when you knew my rank,
 'you would be afraid of loving me; and
 'on that account I thought it sweet to con-
 'ceal my birth. It is now time to inform
 'thee, I have the misery to be a king's
 'daughter.'

'AT this speech a cold perspiration dif-
 'fused itself over my whole body; my
 'trembling knees fell under me, my tongue
 'congealed, could not pronounce a single
 'syllable. Camilla took me by the hand,
 'made me sit down by her. After attempt-
 'ing

‘ing to dissipate the sudden fright which I
 ‘so sensibly felt, she proceeded in the fol-
 ‘lowing terms :’

‘My father is king of the Vestines.
 ‘The passage from hence to Cingilia, the
 ‘capital, is short ; my love of coursing
 ‘serves me for an excuse of visiting thee
 ‘each day. I hoped to enjoy that happi-
 ‘ness a long time ; but my father hath no
 ‘other child ; his kingdom ought to be
 ‘my dowry, and all the princes of Italy
 ‘have already requested my hand. Two
 ‘kings, in particular, threaten war if I do
 ‘not soon decide. One is the king of the
 ‘Maruces, whose territories join mine : his
 ‘people were always enemies to ours. My
 ‘marriage with his son will be an impedi-
 ‘ment to the wars, and will form a pow-
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'erful empire. Policy, reason, humanity,
 'speak in favour of the prince of the Ma-
 'ruces, who, absent from his infancy, hath
 'travelled over the islands of Greece with-
 'out any other attendant than a sensible
 'governor, to instruct and form him in the
 'noble art of reigning. He is now on the
 'road to rejoin his father.

'His rival, the most formidable, is
 'Telemantus, king of the Salentines. His
 'power, wealth, the nobility of his fa-
 'mily, (he descends from Telemachus and
 'Antiope), all give him an advantage
 'over the prince of the Maruces. We do
 'but little fear the Salentines, who are se-
 'parated from us by so many people; and
 'the ambassadors of Telemantus will with
 'difficulty prevail against the king of the
 'Maruces,

‘ Maruces, who is come in person to my
‘ father’s court, to request me for his son.

‘ ON both sides the misery to me is
‘ equal, since I must renounce that liberty
‘ I wished ever to preserve, that of loving
‘ thee ; but thou, Leo, knowest better than
‘ any one, the duties due from a child to a
‘ father ; mine is old, unable to defend
‘ himself ; he urges me to make a choice ;
‘ by his white hair he conjures me not to
‘ engage him in a war he cannot support,
‘ which will cause wretchedness to him and
‘ all his people. What ought I to do ? I ask
‘ thy advice.’

‘ Camilla,’ answered I, (for neither
‘ thy rank nor birth can inspire me with
‘ more respect than the sole name of Ca-
‘ milla) a heart susceptible of estimation

' ought to sacrifice every thing to love ;
 ' but a virtuous heart ought to sacrifice
 ' love to duty. My courage assures me
 ' that I could well defend thy state ; that
 ' armed with this club, covered with the
 ' skin of the lion of Nemea, I could drive
 ' back from thy walls the Maruces, the Sa-
 ' lentines, and all the people of Italy. But
 ' were I to be the greatest of heroes, were
 ' my achievements to equal those of Alcides,
 ' could I pretend to become thy husband ?
 ' No, never can I possess thee !' cried I,
 ' bathed in tears. ' Thou art the daughter
 ' of a king, I an unhappy shepherd, mad
 ' that I was !——' Oh Camilla ! Camilla !
 ' how dearly shall I pay for my error !'

' HAVE I less reason to complain than
 ' thou ?' interrupted Camilla. ' Dost thou
 ' think my melancholy heart suffers not as
 ' much

‘ much as thine ? But I still have a beam of
 ‘ hope ; I know the king of the Maruces, it
 ‘ is my territories, and not Camilla, that he
 ‘ so ardently wishes for his son. I will go
 ‘ and reveal all to him ; I will swear to de-
 ‘ liver up my kingdom into his hands, as
 ‘ soon as my father is dead, if he will pro-
 ‘ mise not to urge the decision of my
 ‘ choice ; if he will protect us from Tele-
 ‘ manus. The hope of reigning over two
 ‘ people will flatter his ambitious heart. I
 ‘ shall esteem myself too happy in pur-
 ‘ chasing with a crown the sweet liberty of
 ‘ loving Leo.’

‘ IN vain did I oppose this resolution.
 ‘ Camilla quitted me, determined to run
 ‘ all hazards. I with a painful impatience
 ‘ waited the return of my dear Camilla.

‘ AT

' At the expiration of three days she re-
 ' turned. Joy sparkled in her countenance ;
 ' a sweet smile sat on her lips.' ' We shall
 ' be happy !' exclaimed Camilla ; ' we shall
 ' be happy ! I have told all to the king
 ' of the Maruces : I did not fear avowing
 ' my heart was thine. He was sensible of
 ' my confidence, and the offer of my crown
 ' hath decided him to serve us. Harken
 ' to what that monarch proposes. His son,
 ' who was returning from the islands of
 ' Greece attended only by his governor, is
 ' dead in Crete. Now as he travelled un-
 ' known, every person is ignorant of his de-
 ' cease. The governor of this young prince,
 ' after having privately informed the un-
 ' happy father, did not dare to appear in his
 ' presence, so hath stopped at Dalmatia. The
 ' king of the Maruces bemoans the loss of his
 ' son,

‘ son, but regrets still more the alliance which
 ‘ would have insured peace to his people,
 ‘ and have augmented his state. His grief
 ‘ would be relieved, if his ambition was sa-
 ‘ tisfied. There is but one sure method of
 ‘ preventing Telemantus from wearing my
 ‘ crown : his son was unknown at his court;
 ‘ he quitted it in his infancy ; his son is
 ‘ thought to be living, and daily expected.
 ‘ Now the king of the Maruces will adopt
 ‘ thee in his place.’

‘ LET him depart,’ says he, ‘ let him go
 ‘ to Dalmatia, join my son’s governor,
 ‘ carry him my royal ring and scroll, on
 ‘ which I will trace my orders. Let him
 ‘ return immediately with him ; I will re-
 ‘ ceive him as my true son ; my people de-
 ‘ luded will acknowledge him ; thou wilt
 ‘ chuse

' chuse him for thy husband ; thou wilt be
 ' happy ; the peace of two nations, thy
 ' happiness, and my repose, will be the con-
 ' sequence of an excuseable deception, since
 ' it is prejudicial to no person, and may do
 ' good to many.'

' THIS is the good news I bring thee !
 ' We shall be united, Leo ; thou wilt reign
 ' over two kingdoms ; we shall never again
 ' be separated ; fortune and love combine to
 ' embellish our days. What ! thou art not
 ' transported with joy ! Thou fallest not on
 ' thy knees to return thanks to the gods !
 ' With what coolness, with what melancholy
 ' thou receivest the assurance of our happi-
 ' ness ! What troubles can still vex thy
 ' life ? Of what thinkest thou ?

‘OF my mother,’ replied I; ‘I must
 ‘lose thee, or cause her who gave me birth
 ‘to expire with grief. I appeal to thyself,
 ‘to thee whom I have seen sacrifice our af-
 ‘fections for thy father’s peace, ought I to
 ‘abandon Myrtale? Ought I to deprive
 ‘her of her only prop?’ ‘We will load
 ‘her with wealth,’ interrupted Camilla.
 ‘But thou wilt deprive her of her son,’
 ‘said I, ‘thou wilt force that son to
 ‘renounce her for his mother! ‘That
 ‘idea impresses me with horror. No,
 ‘Camilla, no kingdom, no wealth on
 ‘earth is equal to that sensation, nature’s
 ‘first kind favour, the first pleasure the heart
 ‘is sensible of. I cannot consent to banish
 ‘it from mine, or even to feign that it
 ‘should be banished.

' But that would not be the only crime I
 ' should commit, in assuming the name of
 ' the prince of the Marucæ. What ! the
 ' people to obey me by a fraud ! I to be king
 ' by illusion ! If the legitimate kings have
 ' such high duties to fulfil, if they are
 ' responsible to the Divinity for all the
 ' good they have omitted, for all the
 ' wickedness they have suffered to be done,
 ' how much more terrible will be the ac-
 ' count I shall have to give ; I, who attained
 ' the throne without being called there by
 ' the gods ! I, to arrive at a stollen rank !
 ' Each homage from the least of my sub-
 ' jects would be a reproach to my perfidy.

' No, Camilla, no ! thou art the sum-
 ' mit of happiness ! Heaven and my heart
 ' bear witness that I would give my whole
 ' life to be only one day thy husband. But
 ' that

' that happiness, so great, that happiness,
 ' which alone would infatuate my reason,
 ' would no longer be so to me, if my con-
 ' science did not enjoy tranquillity. Hap-
 ' pily for virtue, without that peace which
 ' it alone furnishes, we can receive no plea-
 ' sure. Seated on a throne with thee, re-
 ' morse would make me wretched : I would
 ' far rather fortune should render me such.
 ' Abandon me in this desert ; it is full of
 ' thee ; I can live. Here, I shall ever weep
 ' for thee ; but thou only shall I bemoan ;
 ' my virtue will remain. Farewel, Ca-
 ' milla ! return to thy father's palace ; for-
 ' get an unfortunate being : may the plea-
 ' sure a noble soul experiences in fulfilling
 ' its duties, render thee less susceptible to
 ' the pity a wretched youth inspires thee
 ' with.'

' WHEN I was speaking, I cast down my
 ' eyes, and endeavoured to hide my tears.
 ' Camilla, with her eyes fixed, listened at-
 ' tentively to me, and was a long time be-
 ' fore she returned me an answer. At last,
 ' seizing my hand, which she pressed with
 ' ardour; ' I adore thee,' said she, ' and thy
 ' virtue hath raised me to the summit of
 ' extreme love, the eternal love with which
 ' thou hast inspired me. But I agree with
 ' thee, Leo, and from this moment renounce
 ' thee. Yes, I will quit thee, repeating to
 ' thee, and swearing, that I will bear to the
 ' grave the sensations which have united us:
 ' thy image will live in my heart, as long
 ' as my sad heart palpitates; and if I sink
 ' under my sorrow, as I request of the gods
 ' I may, my last sigh shall be addressed to
 ' thee.'

' THEN

‘T H E N quitting me, she sprang upon
 ‘her steed, and in a stifled voice three
 ‘times repeated farewell ! She seemed de-
 ‘parting, the pearly tears rolling in quick
 ‘succession down her lovely cheeks, but
 ‘she returned to look at the rocks and cas-
 ‘cade, that place where we so frequently
 ‘sat : she seemed to be taking her farewell
 ‘of them, then glancing a last look, min-
 ‘gled with affection and grief, she disap-
 ‘peared.—My friend, since that fatal
 ‘day, I have never seen Camilla.’

LEO stopped ; two torrents rushed from
 his eyes, and released the imprisoned sigh
 which oppressed him. Numa clasped him
 to his bosom ; the two heroes remained si-
 lently embracing each other ; at length
 Leo checked his sighs, stifled his sobs, and
 continued his recital.

‘ I CON-

' I CONCEALED from my mother the sa-
 ' crifice I had made ; it was impossible to in-
 ' crease her affections ; it might have aug-
 ' mented her troubles. I employed every
 ' effort to disguise my grief ; I passed my
 ' days in weeping on the same rock, in the
 ' same spot where I had first seen Camilla.
 ' Whenever I returned to the cottage, I at-
 ' tempted to compose my features, and ap-
 ' pear serene : when I could not conceal
 ' my melancholy from my mother's pene-
 ' trating eye, I invented a cause which
 ' would not tend to afflict Myrtale too
 ' much ; I represented sadness, in which she
 ' could console me.

' THUS passed two months, without re-
 ' ceiving any tidings of Camilla, or with-
 ' out any mitigation of the pangs which
 ' I suf-

‘ I suffered the first day. Alas ! soon I ex-
 ‘ perience other troubles : my mother fell
 ‘ sick ; I tried all the simples our mountains
 ‘ produced to cure her, but her hour was
 ‘ arrived ; she felt she was near her latter
 ‘ end, and with a feeble voice she called me
 ‘ to her, saying, (methinks I hear her re-
 ‘ peating the sentence), ‘ Leo, I have de-
 ‘ ceived thee, I am not thy mother : on
 ‘ my death-bed I request thou wilt pardon
 ‘ a counterfeit, which constituted the chief
 ‘ pleasure of my life. Compelled to quit
 ‘ my cottage, to fly from the cruel Pelig-
 ‘ nians, who at that period made war with
 ‘ us, I arrived on the borders of the river
 ‘ Aternus, in the village of Avia, which
 ‘ the barbarians had just returned from
 ‘ burning : in the midst of the ruins and
 ‘ slaughter, amongst the heaps of dead bo-
 ‘ dies,

‘ dies, I perceived thee in thy cradle, pale,
 ‘ covered with blood, and pierced with a
 ‘ dagger, which remained in thy breast.
 ‘ Thy beauty interested me ; I put my
 ‘ hand on thy heart, and finding it beat, I
 ‘ carried thee away in thy cradle ; I cured
 ‘ thy wound ; I took care of thy feeble days ;
 ‘ thou didst call me thy mother, and I never
 ‘ had the courage to renounce so sweet a
 ‘ name. He will abandon me, said I, if
 ‘ he learns that he is not my son : I am
 ‘ ignorant of his parents ; he cannot esteem
 ‘ them more ; let us persist in the error,
 ‘ which, without making him unhappy,
 ‘ will alone make me support life. That
 ‘ was my motive : pardon my weakness :
 ‘ thou lovedst me so well, my dear child,
 ‘ that thou thyself rendered impossible an
 ‘ avowal, which would have forfeited thy
 ‘ affections.’

‘ AT

' AT these words I locked her in my
 ' arms ; I bathed her with my tears :
 ' My dear child,' exclaimed she, ' we must
 ' part ; dry up those tears, which render
 ' the separation more grievous. Consider,
 ' for thy comfort, it is thou alone who made
 ' me happy ; it is thou alone who hath pro-
 ' longed my days. Alas ! could I be cer-
 ' tain thine would glide away peaceably !
 ' Ever since I knew thee, I have trembled
 ' with the apprehension that thy real mo-
 ' ther would come and carry off her son :
 ' now that I am going to die, I would glad-
 ' ly restore thee to her. Take this pre-
 ' cious stone, on which is engraved a name
 ' in characters unknown to me. This
 ' stone was on thy neck, the day I saved thy
 ' life : I have concealed it till this moment ;
 ' may it enable thee to find out the happy

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A a

mother,

' mother, who will wrap thee in her
 ' bosom. Ah ! if ever thou shouldst see
 ' her, tell her how much I have envied her
 ' happiness : tell her, my affections would
 ' probably have rendered me worthy, and
 ' excused me for having called thee my
 ' son. Farewell, my son, my dear, dear son !
 ' still permit me that delightful name :
 ' approach, come ; may thy hand close my
 ' eyes, and before I expire, let me once
 ' more hear thee call me thy mother.'

' OH ! my mother,' cried I, ' my dear
 ' mother ! I am always, all my life I will
 ' be thy son. ' It was in vain :—She was no
 ' more ; already incompassionate death had
 ' seized his prey.

' I WILL not attempt to paint my ago-
 ' nizing grief ; our hearts resemble each
 ' other,

‘ other, Numa, and thou hast not obliterated thy sufferings at the death of Tullus. My hands erected a simple pile, on which the body of Myrtale was reduced to ashes. I gathered up the ashes in an urn, the work of my own hands; I buried it in a grassy tomb, which I raised at a small distance from my cottage, and I wrote on a stone with which I covered the turf,

HERE RESTS MYRTALE,

PASSENGER,

IF THOU LOVEDST THY MOTHER, THINK OF HER,

AND WEEP HERE.

‘ IMMEDIATELY shutting my cottage, which I left to the care of nymphs, and abandoning my flock, I quitted the mountains, and involuntarily strayed towards the capital of the Vestines.

‘ WHEN I arrived at Cingilia, I learned
 ‘ that the beautiful Camilla, after resisting
 ‘ her father a long time, at length deter-
 ‘ mined in favour of the king of Salentum,
 ‘ and that she had embarked with that
 ‘ prince’s ambassadors. Struck with the
 ‘ news, as if I ought not to have expected
 ‘ it, I hastened to the Apennines. Wan-
 ‘ dering here and there, without taking
 ‘ any direct road, I reached the army of
 ‘ the Marfes at the instant they were going
 ‘ to elect a commander. The sight of the
 ‘ army inspired me with the thirst for glo-
 ‘ ry; I was resolved to perish or become a
 ‘ hero. I presented myself as a candidate :
 ‘ fortune decreed in my favour. Thou
 ‘ knowest in what manner I waged war, and
 ‘ thou dost behold the price of it.’

HERE

HERE Leo finished his recital. During the time he was speaking, Numa remained immoveable, his eyes fixed on Leo. All the sentiments which the Marfyan hero expressed, touched the soul of the noble Sabine. While Leo described what passed in his infancy, with the particulars of his affection for his mother, a sweet smile embellished Numa's features : whilst Leo conversed of Camilla, and his passion, Numa's tears flowed rapidly.

THE weary sun, reclining on the bosom of Thetis, withdrew his last beam from the horizon ; the two friends resolved to pass the night in the grotto : they went to gather fruit in the valley, and returned to await the arrival of Somnus. ' Now we have met,' said Numa, ' our journey is finished ;

‘ finished ; to-morrow we will decide which
 ‘ way we shall proceed. I had some desire
 ‘ to go to Greece, there to inform myself
 ‘ of the manners of the different people,
 ‘ and by my application, to become more
 ‘ wise and virtuous.’

‘ FRIEND,’ replied Leo, ‘ if men es-
 ‘ teemed virtue, without doubt, by being
 ‘ acquainted with them, we should be gain-
 ‘ ers ; and I should say to thee, let us tra-
 ‘ vel over the world, on our return we
 ‘ shall be better. But what shall we
 ‘ see in Greece, or what shall we find else-
 ‘ where ? Kingdoms composed of slaves,
 ‘ and governed by tyrants : republics
 ‘ which are rent : the citizens, to prove
 ‘ they are free, mutually devouring each
 ‘ other : some great men persecuted, driven
 ‘ away,

' away, banished, regretting much less their
 ' country, than the honours which they
 ' valued more than her : philosophers, who
 ' are supposed to be wise, continually trou-
 ' bling themselves with vain arguments,
 ' the certainty of which they are unac-
 ' quainted with : every where oppressed
 ' people : virtue neglected, and ambition
 ' or vanity reigning absolute in the breasts
 ' of those men we most admire. Numa,
 ' what should we have gained by our tra-
 ' vels ? We should probably return with
 ' additional vices. Go, the Creator of the
 ' universe did not ordain, that to become
 ' wise, man must run over the world, to
 ' consume the best part of our lives in en-
 ' deavouring to acquire virtue for uncertain
 ' old age. At our birth he gave to each of
 ' us a book, and a judge ; our conscience.
 ' Let

‘ Let us live in peace with her ; we shall
 ‘ know all.’

‘ AH well !’ said Numa, ‘ let us not
 ‘ quit Italy ; return to thy mountains ; let
 ‘ us inhabit thy cottage ; let us go and find
 ‘ thy flock ; I will plough thy deserts ; I
 ‘ will take care of thy sheep ; I will weep
 ‘ with thee over the tomb of Myrtale ; every
 ‘ day will I talk to thee of Camilla, at that
 ‘ cascade which I already know ; and if
 ‘ maternal tenderness caused thee to pass
 ‘ thy days happily in that asylum, consol-
 ‘ ing friendship may soften thy melan-
 ‘ choly.’

THUS spoke Numa : Leo embraced
 him : they proceeded on their march ; they
 traversed the whole length of the country
 of

of Eques, passed the rapid Talonius, traversed the Albenian forests, and at last gained the lofty Apennines.

THE two heroes, who lived by the chase, strayed in pursuit of the inhabitants of the forests. They leaped the sharpest rocks, dived into the wildest recesses, and at length discovered a smiling vale surrounded by inaccessible mountains, from whence issued many springs which watered the bosom of the plain. Linden trees, alders, beeches, decked the side of the rivulets, interspersed with olives, elms crowned with purple grapes, and various other trees, laden with fruit. A thick turf, strewed with a thousand flowers, formed on all sides a beautiful enamelled carpet. Every thing breathed peace and abundance ; the air was pure ;

the streams transparent ; no other sound was heard than the murmuring of the waters, and the chaunting of the feathered choir, who, fluttering among the leaves, seemed to contend in celebrating the felicity they enjoyed.

THE two friends, enraptured at such a prospect, hastened to descend into the valley. They walked, admiring and enjoying the most ethereal air, enriched by nature in her gayest liveries. They followed the course of the principal stream, without discovering the smallest traces of man. They arrived at a spot, where the river, dividing into two parts, they separated, each to pursue the different branches, promising to meet in the same place.

LEO wandered a long time, but found only trees, flowers, and fruits.

NUMA, more fortunate, discovered a flock grazing, near to the wood of laurels, unattended either by dogs or shepherds. With slow steps he penetrated into the wood, looked, examined, and discovered in an arbour of wild jasmine, a young girl, clad in white, seated on a mossy bank, who seemed deeply occupied with a book, which rested on her knees ; her flaxen hair flowing over her forehead and shoulders, was lightly raised up by the zephyr, and disclosed the most beautiful symmetry of features ; candour and simplicity gave her a grace superior to the embellishments of art, whilst serenity and happiness, the first, best gifts of virtue, shone resplendant on her counte-

nance ; there was something celestial which exceeded all idea of voluptuousness ; it filled the soul with more refined sentiments, more pleasing ; it inspired no desires ; it gave birth to a holy respect, a wish more tender, more lively than desire.

NUMA beheld her, and stopped. He was not surpris'd ; his heart beat not quicker ; he experienced a soft delight, which affected not his reason ; he took not the shepherdes for a goddess ; his senses, calm and joyful, exaggerated not her charms ; in only beholding the truth, he in the stranger saw the most beautiful of mortals, and without doubt the most virtuous.

HE proceeded silently towards the bower, and looked at her book, but the characters
were

were unknown to him. Numa retreated with precaution; wholly concealed behind the leaves, he saw a venerable old man advance, leaning on a knotty stick; his white hair covered his forehead; his long beard hung over his breast; his face furrowed with wrinkles, preserved an air of grandeur, which neither uneasiness or old age had erased. ‘My girl,’ said he to the shepherdes, ‘behold the setting of the sun; let us fulfil the precepts of our divine law.’ The nymph then arose, and discovered to Numa her majestic form; smiling, she fixed her lovely blue eyes on her father, and reached complacently her hands towards him: the old man, resting on her arm, with slow steps returned towards a cottage, built in the interior part of the wood.

NUMA,

NUMA, who dared not follow them, examined all their movements. He observed them wash their hands in a spring of pure water ; immediately after they entered their cottage, and the aged fire soon came out again, clad in different garments. His long robe had given place to a short tunic ; a girdle composed of twisted cords, encircled his waist ; his face half veiled ; in his hand was a tin vessel, containing fire, which burnt vehemently ; with great deference he placed it on a polished stone. His daughter followed him, carrying perfumes, roots, and a light bundle of dried branches. On their knees, they threw offerings in the fire, stirring it with golden instruments, and audably praying in an unknown tongue.

Soon the old man arose, and with equal solemnity carried back the vessel. The
nymph

nymph went to assemble the flock dispersed in the meadows ; she enclosed them in a park formed by hurdles, and returned towards her father's, whilst Numa, surpris'd and enraptur'd, hasten'd to rejoin Leo.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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